

506
Marry, or do Worfe.

A
COMEDY.

As it is now ACTED,

At the *New* THEATRE in
Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields,

By Her Majesty's Servants.

W^m Walker

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Basset, at the Mitre in
Fleetstreet, 1704. Price 1 s. 6 d.

THE NEW YORK

COMMERCE

AND THE NEW YORK

AT THE NEW YORK



BY HER MAJESTY'S COMMANDE

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LONDON

Printed for Richard Basset, at the New York

Price 1 s. 6 d.

THE PREFACE.

THIS poor PLAY has at length peep'd into the World, but to such Disadvantages, that a *Bully* might venture to Associate himself at the *Griffin and Parrot*, or embrace the worthy Conversation of *Mr. Broad*, with less danger of being Arrested, than it did of being entirely Damn'd. It was neither supported by a *Powerful Party*, nor had the Umbrage of a *Patron*; and, what was worse, the Season! To all these Difficulties there was another added, it was so hem'd in between the *Benefits*, that it seem'd meerly Confin'd to the Limits of a Single Night before hand; not that I have any reason to complain of the Civility of the House, as to the Performing, only the want of Time and Rehearsals.

I am sensible, by Experience, that there's a great deal of Artifice and Accomplishment requir'd in a Gentleman, that will Write for the *Theatre*; — And 'tis a mighty Presumption in any one, to Attempt it, who has not Ingratiated himself among the *Quality*, or been Conversant at *Wills*; for, 'tis to be presum'd, there is a kind of Unity among the *Great Ones*, to preserve the Commerce of the *Stage* to themselves, as our *Companies* in *England* do their *Trade* to *Guinea*, and the *Indies*; and that they Treat any *Upstart*, who Barthers his Wit there, like an *Interloper*.

The PREFACE.

For my part, I don't dislike the *Alliance*, and cou'd Wish they had a *Patent* to Secure their *Property*; and a *Prerogative* Erected to Lash the Follies of those *Pretenders*, that are so vain to hazard a Shipwreck among 'em.

I shall be tax'd, I know, with the want of *Plot*, *Stile* and *New Characters*; to which I shall Answer, — He that undertakes such a tedious and troublesome Expedition, ought to have the Prospect of a better Voyage than I was to hope for.

I have seriously reflected, like a young Extravagant, who has, to hide his Disgrace at Home, gone to some Foreign Plantation; but when he has tasted the barbarous Usage of the Sea and Country, wishes himself back again on any Condition: And I shall take great care how I Embark again in such an Affair, to be Toss'd and Buffeted by the rough Tempests of the *Town*.

As for the *Play*, (such as it is) I may Term it as new a One as any; but the Images of Nature have all been so blown upon already, that, like a numerous Fleet, *Poets* can't help, sometimes, falling foul of one another. Some have done me the Favour to say, the three first Acts are none of the worst; and for the two last I shall not endeavour to vindicate 'em, but submit it wholly to the Censure of the Reader.

Prologue

Prologue by Mrs. Porter.

You'll say, perhaps, (and not without some reason)
New Plays, before new Terms, are scarce in Season;
And wou'd as soon in Lent expect good Chear,
As Scenes of Wit at this dull Time o' Tear.
If thus your Appetites 'tis Fancy sways,
And Preconceptions Rule the Taste of Plays,
We greatly fear you'll take an odd Conceit,
And spoil your Stomach e're you've seen your Treat:
Ah! had you, Sparks, been ever of that Mind,
You ne're had found so many Women kind;
Had you not try'd, at least, you had not won
The silly Maids,——
You had not been Forsworn, nor they Undone;
Ev'n Poets so like Females are drawn in,
And think not of the Shame, when they commit the Sin.

To Night we only can this Novel boast,
We Treat you not at other People's cost;
We've no French Sawce to make the Meat go down,
Nor Twenty Old Plays cull'd to Garnish one.
And not to offend (at least) the Ladies Taste,
We have no smutty Chat to Grace the Feast,
Intrigue there is—— yet, like themselves, 'tis Chast.
Then, to oblige the Ladies, Sparks, agree,
And use it kindly for its Modesty;
Shew your good Breeding,—— and all Pet dispise,
To be good Natur'd, really, shews you Wise.
Ill warrant You—— shou'd you a Wooing go,
You wou'd be apt to tell a Woman so.

THE

THE
EPILOGUE.

NOW the Campaign Abroad draws near an End,
And harrafs'd Troops i'ward Winter Quarters bend,
As our smart Heroe's, flush'd with new Reputes,
Get Furlo's for fresh Ladies, nor Recruits,
Now tender Ladies, Nip'd with Winter Air,
And Modish Beaux do from the Wells Repair;
The Season meant for Pleasure being past,
Our Men of Business do to Town make hast;
Grave City Drones forsake their Summer Hives,
And spruce young Bees draw Honey from their Wives.
Lawyers with Bonds and Judgments do repair,
And wage a dreadful War at Westminster,
With Military Executions pleas'd,
Poor Wax, and Clients, over Sack are squeez'd.
The Common Dam'sels now crowd up our Doors,
And Cry, like Temple-Watermen, New Whores;

Blown

THE EPILOGUE

*Blown up with Hopes, look Insolent and Vain,
To see their Culls in Scarlet come again;
These are Good Days for the Parading Station,
Harlots that felt the Smart of last Vacation.
However this Days Scenes have Doctrine taught,
That make a Virtue what they make a Fault :
Have Vindicated Hymen's Sacred Flame,
Not to be relish'd by Night-Walking Dame.
Nothing against 'em, sure, can more be said,
By You that Married are,-- or You that hope to Wed.*

WOMEN

Persons

Persons Names.

<i>Trapum.</i>	A N old furly Country-Justice, } very Jealous of his young Wife. _____
<i>Manly.</i>	
<i>Freewit.</i>	A plain, blunt Country Gentlem.— In Love with <i>Silvia</i> — Intrigues with <i>Athelia</i> . _____
<i>Snap, his Man.</i>	Very industrious in his Master's Intrigues. _____
<i>Shift.</i>	A Cheat. _____
<i>Jasper.</i>	<i>Silvia's</i> Boy. _____
3 Country Men.	_____ Drawer. _____

WOMEN.

<i>Athelia</i> —	Wife to <i>Trapum</i> . _____
<i>Silvia</i> —	In Love with <i>Freewit</i> . _____
<i>Betty</i> —	<i>Athelia's</i> Woman. _____

Marry,

Good Father, has less Liberty than one of his Countrymen
Would this Blackhead of mine had kept with me, he might
have been a Minister

ACT I

SCENE the Street.

Enter Freewill leading in Athol

Athol. NOW, Sir, I must intreat you will leave
me; I am near Home, and if you pur-
sue me farther, you will endanger both
my Reputation, and your own Hopes of
ever seeing me more.

Freewill. I must obey, tho' tis as dying Sinners part with
Life, remember you have my Heart your Prisoner, pray use
it well, tis the first kind ramble it ever took.

Athol. I'll think of it.

Free. And I may depend to see, or hear from you again?

Athol. About an Hour hence let your servant attend in the
Walk where we met — No more, I fear we are observ'd.

Free. Athol,

So, here's a very promising Intrigue presents, but who,
or what she shou'd be, puzzles me. By her extreme Caution,
she shou'd be the imagin'd chaste Wife of some reputable Esq;
that has less care of his Reputation than her own, or possi-
bly the Darling hopes of some lover Family, in a State of
Chastity, one that ne'er sits (unless to Martins) without
her Guard, or may be suffer'd to ride behind the Butler to a
Countrey Fair; and if she chance to go to Town, with her

good Father, has less Liberty than one of his Coach-Horses—
Wou'd this Blockhead of mine had kept with me, he might
have been useful.

Enter Snap.

Snap. That Blockhead, Sir, is your most humble Servant.

Free. And where has your Reverend Roguery been, pray
Sir?

Snap. Been, Sir?—Why a—Come, Sir, where wou'd
you have had me been now?

Free. With me, Son; I wanted you.

Snap. To Dog the Lady home—ha, ha—now were I a
Man of Pregnant Malice; or liable to the insults of Passion,
I shou'd abdicate your service, for such a palpable Affront
to my known integrity; look you, Sir, I can exert my Dili-
gence from the first Moment of your service, by the lauda-
ble commendations of all your Worths Acquaintance,
and I hope, Sir, I may be credited with the Reputation of ex-
ecuting some small Perquisites of my Office without an imedi-
ate Command. We great Persons (like Great States Men and
Soldiers) shou'd watch Advantages, not lose em; and to be
remiss upon the Execution of a Stratagem, is to our eternal
Disreputation. — As for the Lady, Sir, I have taken Cog-
nizance of her Habitation — her Name *Abelia*, and
lives at the Brick-House, next the Church: Now, Sir, am
I to ask your Pardon? Or you mine?

Free. Oh Sir, I ask yours heartily. — But *Snap*, how
canst thou by this intelligence?

Snap. Not without the hazard of my Person, you may
be sure, Sir — I have been Skirmishing with a the Acquaint-
ance of her's this half-Hour, and let me tell you, Sir, with
no slight success — who has too, Sir, bid me Battle a-
bout an Hour hence, in the same place.

Free.

Free. Correct Rogue, how punctually he's acquainted with the time too — *as the Girl coming Snap.* Pliant, ha!

Snap. — *Manly* — pretty well, may she is a little infected with Wit, or so, Sir, but I find her pretty forward to advance her assistance in such an Affair, and oh! I'm a little Jealous of entertaining a Passion upon slight Encouragement. I may presume my personal Merit has gain'd some interest in her Affection; for by the way, Sir, without Vanity, I do esteem my self above the vulgar Rank of ordinary Valets.

Free. O, Dear Sir, the World is infinitely appriz'd of your great worth; and 'tis fit you should be employ'd in the publick good; and the better to express my confidence of your Virtue, pray go and deliver these Letters, That by the Post, the other is directed, and then, give your attendance at the time and Place appointed.

Snap. I fly, Sir. *Exit.*

Enter Manly.

Free. How now *Manly*, What's the matter this Morning? thou look'st as gruff as a confin'd Hero, or an unsuccessful Projector.

Manly. A Pox o' the last Debauch, 't has almost kill'd me; to Drink a Week together & death, it is not allowing Nature fair play.

Free. Ha, ha — How ill an Object against Drinking becomes thy Mouth; thou dost wear the current Stamp of

Bacchus in thy Face, and giv'st the Succession of thy Sucking Bottle to a Flask of Claret, to rail at a Sin, thou art naturally fond of; I thought thou had'st been more a plain Dealer.

Manly. Well of a new found Sinner thou shalt take it thee, thou hast kill'd at their own Weapons half a Dozen of as eminent Topers as any grace the County; the Men all fall before thee like tender Widdows, then amongst the Women,

(34)
thou're the very Adonis of the Countrey! Thy wild Sallies
and witty Extravagancies gain thee more Reputation among
em, than all the serious address of the most Regular Cox-
comb. 'Tis true, 'thou art a likely Young Fellow, clean
shape, and all that, yet Pox on me, if I see so much difference
twixt thee, and thy Fellow Creature.
Free. Thy surly slovenly Temper makes thee unfit to weigh
the difference; he that will win applause, must Court it like
a Mistress, with Auni and Impudence, Cringe, Flatter, Lye,
Swear, and Forswear, Noise and Dress are the recommending
Qualities, while thou hast a Vanity as bad on the other Hand,
to think the World's taken with thy blunt Honesty.

Man. Why Rot the World, as a Worlding Honest Man would
live in, a World, where every Man's private interest is prefer'd;
wit and Honesty are sure to be two starving Qualities, whilst
Knaves and Fools are known by great Employments. Com-
mend, me, I say, to the simple Honesty of old, when a Man
might trust his Wife with his Friend, without the Danger of
being a Cuckold, nor his Friendship with Money, without
the hazard of losing both.

Free. Well said Manly, this way of railing becomes so Man's
Mouth like thine.

Man. No, nor one of Man's Affairs neither. 'Scoundrel, have
not I lost an Estate by being honest?

Free. But why dost thou get an Employment amongst 'em,
and grow great by a contrary Quality? Thy pen and honesty
may perhaps recommend thee now thy Estate's gone.

Man. O's death, I wonder to hear this from a Man that has
neither. Since add Honesty recommends a Man, I'll under-
take he may as soon thrive by 'em: Why a Man shall no
more get preferment by being honest, than he will for being
a Fool; and his sense more recomen'd him to an Employ-
ment, than his Honesty keeps him in it. — Gons,
you're a handsome Young Fellow, and have an Estate, Why
don't you Marry? the Regions are as good.

Free?

Free. Come, prithee leave Snarling, and tell me what Women there are in Town worth a Man's Notice ——— Who lives in that great House next the Church?

Man. O! one that will be a happy Man no doubt if you get acquaintance in his Family; but by the way, I must tell you, 'twill be no easie matter to manage an Intrigue there — There's an old wary Dragon that watches the Golden Fruit within.

Free. A Husband, I suppose, by your terming him a Monster.

Man. One that serves for a Husband, and is very officious in his Duty too, that is in the Duty of keeping his Wife to himself ——— He's my Relation; but for the Honour of my Family, I don't care three half-pence if you Cuckold him.

Free. Very friendly ——— But hark ye *Manly*, does this Dragon never sleep?

Man. Never so sound, but a less Noise than the Beat of a Drum will wake him to security; so very jealous, that he suffers no Man to come near his House; nor entertains no Man Servant under his own Age; but above all, he's most afraid of a Soldier! He thinks a Man can't wear Lace and Scarlet, but he carries Cuckoldom in his Coat-Pocket ——— upon the approach of any Troops to Quarter here, he takes the Alarm like a Town that is Threatned with a Siege; Locks up his Wife, Arms his Servants, and keeps Guard within his own Castle.

Free. But the Wife, *Manly*, the Wife; is she handsome enough to make him jealous?

Man. Why Faith, she has Beauty enough to create her self admirers, and Wit enough to create her self Enemies; — Virtuous too she's thought, I can't tell what your Rhetoric may do; — come Faith, I'll introduce you into the Family, the old Gentleman will be infinitely fond of such acquaintance.

Free. O — no doubt on't. — But prithee who is he?

Man. Alderman *Trapum*, now a Justice of Peace, one that by indefatigable cheating and industry, has purchas'd a good Estate, and bought this innocent Young Creature of her covetuous Parents; who to save a Thousand Pound of her Fortune, sold her for two ——— A Man zealously inclin'd to th' Interest of Government (especially the last) a furious persecutor of Papists, and disaffected Persons; who under pretence of searching their Houses for Arms, gives his Bandity Encouragement to Plunder 'em. A subtle old Rogue, and close Fisted ——— a Pox on him, he has my Estate so fast, I can't get it out of his Clutches.

Free. I know him, he was a great Man, with my Father; we had a Daughter, 'twixt whom and me (when we were little) was espous'd a solemn Contract of Marriage. Prithce what's become of her?

Man. Faith a great Beauty they say, and witty; a Maiden Aunt promising me to give her 2000/ when she died, provided she might have the breeding of her up, has her in Town (where she has been from her Childhood). But a greater interest has now prevail'd with the old Gentleman to send her down, to Marry her to that Eternal Blockhead, young *Blunder*; (tho' against her Consent) and that which makes him the more indepreccable in the matter is, that he's part with nothing during his Natural Life. Faith yonder he goes, and opportunely, I want Money of him, which he'll be loath to part with, unless I can mollify him with Sack — He will devour as much at another Man's Cost, as wou'd serve a Dozen old Women at a Christening. I'll follow him, and engage him with a Bottle. — Come *Frank*.

Free. Prithce let it be after Dinner (I'm engag'd this Morning) and I'll meet you at Ned's.

Man. Be Master of the World, farewell. [Exit.]

Enter

Enter Snap.

Snap. Here have I walk'd as disconsolate as a Bilk'd Furbo-
low'd Whore, or a Discarded Pimp— let me see— turn'd of
Twelve— either that Dial, or my Master, lyes above an
Hour— but that's no great wonder, for his Head's a meer piece
of Clockwork, when it Runs of a Woman, and the Finger
ever pointing at an Intrigue.

Enter Betty, pulls her Hood before her Face.

Ha! who have we here, a Female, and Hooded too?
I'll divert my spleen with her a little— Harkee Child,
How are your thoughts employ'd?

Betty. That's a little familiar methinks. Pray, who are
you?

Snap. An idle Fellow at present.

Betty. Then I'm not mistaken.

Snap. Why so Child?

Betty. Because I took you for a Fool.

Snap. Very well Faith, a smart Baggage;— now I thought
Fools had never been idle.

Betty. Ever, but when they're playing the Fool.

Snap. Why then Faith, by that saunt'ring Gate of yours,
one may reasonably imagine thou hast little else to do but
to play the Fool with me.

Betty. That's just reading my business, as I do your
Manners.

Snap. A Pox, Child, don't be so pettish— come let's see your
pretty Face.

Betty. Our Faces won't be so alike as our Affairs then—
Stand off.

Snap. Why, Faith, I'm not so Foolishly conceited, to ima-
gine mighty matters of my self, nor so ignorant of my
own

own merit, as not to believe I'm tollerable every way.

Betty. So is a Figure at large, upon an Indian Screen; or the Picture of the Paulsgrave's Head upon our Stair-case.

Snap. Come, come, don't put the Young Man out of Countenance.

Betty. That's not to be done, I dare swear.

Snap. (*Apart*) a Plague on her, if she'd spoke as much truth before, I should have been damnable angry. — I believe Child, my Modesty and your Honesty, would make a handsome Equivalent; therefore prithee, to strengthen my good opinion of thy Vertue, shew me thy ugly Face.

Betty. If I thought 'twere ugly enough to drive thee hence, I know not what I might do.

Snap. Why, look you, Damsel, if you like my company no better than I like yours, you'll not stay long, for my part I have business here.

Betty. Thou behang'd; thou hast no business here, unless thou art employ'd in thy ordinary Vocation of Pimping, to deliver a Billet dieux, or a sly message to some Lady you expect here.

Snap. The Devil take you for a Witch, how came you to know that?

Betty. The Devil take you for a Fool, how came you not to know me sooner?

Snap. Ha, my Dear little Emisary is it thee all this while? — How the Devil could'st thou find in thy Heart to use me so?

Betty. Marry hang you, you Tcad, you were even with me — well, Hemp, and where's your Master? he's a hopeful Spark I believe, that can't be punctual to the first Assignment with so pretty a young Lady.

Snap. O! he'll be here instantly Child.

Betty. Well, do you stay here till I come again; my Master is gone abroad, and I'll go and contrive Matters so, he shall

see her at home ——— Farewell, I dare stay no longer now. ——— [Exit.]

Snap. My Master is gone abroad, that's a new Discovery; and I'll contrive matters, so, he shall see her at home. Very well ——— 'Egad this Pimping is certainly the most pleasing, the most obliging Vocation i'th' World, 'tis a good Bargain, they say, when all sides are pleas'd, and here the Obligation's link'd together. The Pimp he's pleas'd with getting his Assignment made, the Gallant's pleas'd with doing the Ladies business; and the Lady's pleas'd to have her business done. And Egad, let the World say what they will, I say, your true Pimp is a Man of Parts — 'Sbud, I'll make it appear, that Gallants themselves are but the Journey-men to a Pimp; for what do they but finish the Work we cut out.

Enter Freewit behind him.

Free. Say you, Sir, I fancy there's an Argument will contradict you. [Kicks him.]

Snap. O Dear, Sir, there's no Rule without exception. [Bowing.]

Free. O! is there not Mr. Rogue ——— well, What news Sirrah?

Snap. Why you may e'en go Hang your self, Sir, that's all.

Free. How you Dog, go hang my self ———

Snap. About the Ladys Neck, Sir, about the Ladys Neck — give me t'other Kick for that, pray, Sir, do.

Free. Kick thee, by Heav'n I'll kiss thee, thou dear Lucky Rogue; From whence, and how came these tidings of Joy?

Snap. I am very dull at a Story, Sir, one kick wou'd mend my pace; but if I must proceed so much unlike a true Counsell, without a Fee, to encrease the difference by brevity,

in short, Sir, the Maid has been here; and after we had abus'd one another substantially, (as tho' we had been better acquainted) she gave me to understand there's a Contrivance a Foot to convey you into the House.

Free. And does she plot for me too? nay, than she's my own; the lovely Charmers mine; mine, and only mine.

Snap. I deny that, Sir.

Free. You deny it Rascal —

Snap. The Scruple I make is a Husband, the Ladys Married, that's all, Sir.

Free. Married; is that a Scruple you Puppy? — why a churlish full stomach'd Husband, is the very Highway to his Wife, his cold neglects usher in the warm Gallant. — and Women will very often lie with a Man they like, and Marry a Man they don't care for.

Snap. Why really, Sir, I was affraid it wou'd have disturb'd your Conscience.

Enter Betty.

So Child; thou'rt as good as thy Word I see.

Betty. Were you Fool enough to Question it? [*to Freewit.* By this time, Sir, I presume you know my business.

Free. Thou art come in a civil way to conduct me to thy Lady, is't not so?

Betty. But e'er you go I must acquaint you that my Lady's married, and her Husband very Jealous of her, she has scarce three Hours liberty in a Week, but what she's oblig'd to Fortune and his Affairs for. He is now gone abroad, but I'm affraid his stay will be so short, that little will be gain'd from this opportunity, but the satisfaction of knowing when you may have a better.

Free.

Free. But let us lose none of these precious Minutes then.

Betty. If you please to follow me, Sir— But I ~~think~~ you had best leave your Man here, who may give us notice of an approaching Danger.

Free. Right Child—— hark you *Snap*, 'twill be necessary that you stay here about ; since the Enemy's abroad 'tis fit we Scouts keep out.

[*Exit. Free. and Betty.*

[*Snap plucks Betty, and beckons her to return.*

Snap. Yes, yes, Sir, no doubt but a little of my Wit may do you service, upon such an Occasion—— Well, a Man might be honest (I find) if it were not for temptation.— But this intriguing, is e'en like Gameing, we have not the Power to leave it, though we very often come off losers by't. For my part, I never have any serious thoughts, what Honesty is, but strait some new Intrigue appears that wants my management ; then can't I help following my Inclination if I shou'd be hang'd— But now gravely to trace the consequence of that ;— If I follow my Inclination, it leads me to Pleasure ; if I follow my Pleasure, 'twill Lead me into Sin ; and if I sin on, 'twill bring me to——

Enter Betty behind him.

Betty. Whither.

[*Strikes him.*

Snap. To Pleasure Child, is n't that far enough ?

Betty. Phoo, that's back again.

Snap. Ay ; find me a Man that was going to the Devil, and would not turn again if he cou'd— But thou hast put better thoughts in my Head ; I have a certain kind of desire that flows from Imitation, if thou would'st but be good natur'd now, and make but few words of the matter, Egad I shou'd love thee the better for't as long as I live.

Betty. Good serious Spark, not so fast ; why you'd have the Fruits of the Harveſt, without the trouble of Plowing for't ; Do you know I'm a Woman ? and as ſuch expect to be courted ?

Snap. Phoo, Pox o' courtſhip, I can't court, but I'll Love thee heartily, and that's a great deal better.

Betty. And what if I ſhou'd be Fool enough to believe you ?

Snap. Why then, I had but one thing to ask thee in return.

Betty. Nor I but one thing to deny you.

Snap. Not by premeditation I hope — Suppose I ſhou'd upon a reaſonable Promise, ask you to be kind, wou'd you fooliſhly deny ?

Betty. And ſuppoſe I ſhou'd have more reaſon in a little time to ask you to Marry me, wou'd you fooliſhly comply ?

Snap. Marry thee Quotha ; mercy on me, there's a mouthful of a word indeed, enough to curdle a Man's Stomach — No, no, Child, no Matrimony ; the Devil danc'd at the firſt Wedding there was, and Cuckoldom has been in faſhion ever ſince. 'Tis true, I had like to have been drawn in once, but the Girl had the good grace to ſicken the firſt Day, die the firſt week, and ſav'd me the Labour of wiſhing her at the Devil the firſt Month. — Therefore be rul'd for your own good, take a freſh full feeding Lover, there's no muſty cloy'd Husband like him.

Betty. I'll try —

Snap. Do me firſt, and thou'lt ne'er change, I'll warrant thee.

Betty. The Devil take you for me, let me go. [*Offering to kiſs her* 'Sdlife, yonder comes my Maſter. [*Runs out.*

Snap. The Devil he does — where — what a Plague yonder decrepid Lump of humanity, that crawls this way ; he call that pretty Young Lady. Wife — 'Sdeath-old Threeſcore and Ten, with the Catalogue of infirmities about him, he ! the Devil's in't if he be n't fit for Heaven, when my Maſter

Master has writ Cuckold there— He looks like *Ananias* upon painted Glass, and moves like the walking Figure & the Wax-work. But why the Devil does not my Master come away? What a Plague does he stay for?— Now can't he leave lying and swearing, tho' his Body's in as much danger as his Soul.

Enter Trapum.

So now my Impudence goes to Work. [*Slips behind Trapum, Pray, Sir, may you be Controuler of this, and plucks him by the Sleeve.*]

Trap. I'm Master of that House, Sir, I think.

Snap. Save you, Sir. [*Bowing.*]

Trap. Save me, Sir, from what? Am I in any Danger?

Snap. No, Pox on you, you came too soon. [*Apart.* None that I apprehend, Sir, I hope you won't take it ill, that I interrupt you at this time.

Trap. I can't tell whether I shall or no, Sir; if your business likes me, 'tis like I shall not; otherwise, as it may happen.

Snap. I'm your very Humble Servant, Sir. [*Bowing.*]

Trap. I shou'd believe it, Sir, if you'd express your self once; Pray, in few words, let me know what 'tis you have to say to me.

Snap. Nay, the Devil take me if I know that my self, but something I must say, till he's gone out. [*Apart.*]

Pray, Sir, what news is there stirring? they say the French are very strong, Sir.

Trap. Oons Rot the French, Sir, what's all this to me?

Snap. But, Sir, Sir, I have Business of moment, that concerns you, if it please you, Sir. [*Freewit attempts several times to come out.*]

Trap. I shou'd be very well pleas'd to here it, Sir.

Snap.

Snap. That's doubtful, Sir, for 'tis a certain Obligation, peculiar to that Sence alone, and supernatural things affect it strangely; so that the true Diffinition lies in a weighty Consideration of ev'ry individual Circumstance of the Subject handled; as for example, No Man loves to hear of his own faults.

Trap. A pox of your Examples, Sir, What's this to the Purpose?

Snap. Why look you, Sir, as for purpose, 'tis in't self a kind of Resolution; and the performance may be either active, or actively verbal. For example again, some Men fight, and some Men talk on't; a Nice Distinction between a brave Man and a Coward. [Freewit slips out.]

Trap. To be plain, Sirrah, I don't understand your Design. [Angryly.]

Snap. You say well, Sir, the word Design lies under a two-fold Construction, for tho' it be nearly related to the two former topics, yet when Choler makes the Distinction, it seems to imply Malice or Mischief; therefore, Sir, to take away all suspicion that may disturb your serious cogitations, I am, Sir, your very Humble Servant, your very Humble Servant.

[Ex. after his Master.]

Here's a rare Rogue for you; here's an impertinent Rascal now——I'll warrant ye, cou'd one search antiquity fort, this Rogue has not had two Honest in his Family, for twice two hundred years, but run as naturally into his Vices, as a young wench into Desire; a true bred Flanders Rogue, begot in a Baggage-Cart, Born in a Hut, rock'd in a Drum, and rear'd at a Pass Bank: Ill have the Town searched, and take the Rogue up for being in the last Plot against the Government.

The End of the first Act.

ACT II.

Scene in Trapum's House.

Enter Athelia, and Silvia, in her Hood and Scarf and Mask.

Athe. WELL, for my Part, I wonder you are not affraid to venture thus.

Silvi. I wonder more to hear a Woman of discretion say so ; but had you Married any one but him you have, you'd have known, that where there's Love, there is no Room for fear ; besides, Women like frightened Larks, shou'd not settle any where, till they've flown over the whole Field to try the danger : A little curiosity is as necessary in this Case, as Pride and Dress to the addition of our Beauty — In fine, I have seen the Man I love and like, and am resolv'd to search all his haunts, and try if he loves me ; which if he does, and will pay the price I set upon the little Beauty and Fortune I have ; farewell to lying alone say I.

Athe. Well, thou'rt a mad Girl ; I'll say that for thee.

Silvi. Ay, ay, we may dissemble what we please, and out of a foolish custom of imitating one another, pretend an aversion to what we naturally Love ; but when a Virgins Heart is warmed with desire, she will love, and long and wish, nay, and can't help it neither ; and the duce take the Custom I say, for I think nothing in Nature so Pleasant as the Conversation of a handsom young Fellow.

Athel. Fie *Silvia*, how you talk ; suppose any body shou'd hear you.

Silvi.

Silvi. Why then they'd commend me for speaking my mind.

Athe. They'd rather think you mad by half.

Silvi. Then I shou'd think them Fools, for mad folks don't use to aim so near the Truth—but 'twou'd make one mad to think it.

Athe. What?—

Silvi. That so much Freedom and Pleasure should be in-tail'd upon Breeches; and restraint and limitation lie upon Petticoats.

Athe. Very pretty talk truly for a Maid of Eighteen—
Pray what did you Dream of last night.

Silvi. What I can't help dreaming on sometimes, if I shou'd be hang'd, nor you neither I believe— That I'm a Woman, and frailty my Nurse, feeding me with nothing but strange Notions of pleasure— Lord, *Athelia*, twou'd be very hard if we shou'd not have the Liberty to speak our minds freely, when we are alone; for my part I don't think Virtue or Modesty consists in affected niceness or constrain'd behaviour; and if there be any Crime in talking freely to one another, 'tis impertinence in telling others what they know as well as our selves; but if you are so squeamish, I shall leave to your own colder thoughts of the matter farewell, think of the Truths I've spoken—

Athe. Truths indeed, Girl, but that I'm sufficiently satisfied in, if I durst speak my mind— Well if there can be any Addition to the plague of an old Husband, 'tis to have him jealous; but the best on't is, while I stay mew'd up at home he ne'er suspects me; but if I stir the least abroad, he imagines every Man that looks on me has a design to lye with me.

Enter

Enter Betty.

Well is your Master gone.

Betty. Yes, Madam, we have cut him out work till night, I'll warrant him, Madam, *St. John's* abroad too, there's nothing wanting now but the Lover.

Athe. Lover, ay, and a false one too I'm afraid Girl—but should he not, there's such a Bar between us? What can I hope for?

Betty. Why, I tell you what you may hope for, an enjoy too, if you're wise; the satisfaction of conversing with a fine Young Gentleman, and the opportunity of revenging your self upon an old Jealous Husband.

Athe. Py, *Betty*, how you talk, what would the World say?

Betty. The World, Madam, 'tis no great matter what the world says, any more than 'tis to the World what you do; a Diamond may be sullied by ones Breath, but 'tis but rubbing the Jewel, and 'twill come to its Lustre again. — However, Madam, 'tis no hard matter to deceive the World: For even they that only dissemble Virtue, aim at its truest Character, while she that really is so, by a thoughtless Innocence, may give occasion to be censur'd.

Athe. Why would you have me deceive my Husband?

Betty. Why, you don't deceive him, Madam, for to deceive any one is to act quite contrary to their Imagination. Now he's Jealous, of what is he Jealous? — Of your Virtue, so that if it prove as he imagines — There's no one can say he's deceiv'd. But if your're resolv'd on't, I can easily send the Gentleman away again when he comes.

Athe. Would you be so barbarous?

Betty. Why, then retire to your Chamber, and prepare to receive him: — while I go and stay at the Garden-Gate to wait for his coming

D

Athe.

Athe. Well, I find I must be rul'd.

[*Exunt.*

Scene a Tavern.

Enter Trapum, Manly, and Freewit.

Man. Nay faith Cousin, you shall take 'tother Glafs with us before you go.

Free. Ay, ay ; 'tother Glafs—— Come we'll have a Bottle at the Door. Here some Wine Sirrah quickly— *Manly* prithee bring him in again, and let's make him Drunk, 'twill be a rare Opportunity for me. [*Apart.*

Trap. 'Tother Glafs, 'sbud I'm half-seas over already— Why, what do you think I can drink like one of you Young Fellows— the time has been—— Besides, I have business, Faith, earnest business.

Man. Phoo, Pox o' business, leave it to Men of business, you're about it, Sir. Here, Sirrah, some Wine—— A Bumper you Dog—— there give my Cousin a Glafs, *Frank* take yours— come here's remembering my Cousin's Handsome Wife at home.

Trap. A Plague choak you for naming her before him. [*Apart.*

Free. With all my heart, about with it.

Trap. No, no, my Cousin plays the wag, Sir, I've no handsome Wife, a plain brown Girl, that serves me well enough.

Free. She will when the Cuckolds you I'll be sworn, [*Apart.*

Man. This is an honest Gentleman, Cousin, I'll bring him to Dine with you to morrow, that you may be better acquainted with him.

Trap. That he may be better acquainted with my Wife— Dine with me Quotha, the Devil shall have him first, [*Apart.*
thank

thank you Cousin, but I shan't be at home to morrow— Come, Sir, my service to you.

Free. I'm arm'd to pledge you, Sir. [*All Drink*] Here fill 'em again Sirrah.

Trap. Gad so, no more.—

Man. Faith but we'll have 'tother Bumper.— fill you Dog — come name a Health.

Trap. Why what's matter for Healths, you Young Fellows must have a Wench, at the Bottom of all your pleasures; if we must Drink, why here's peace and liberty to *England*, and long live the Queen.

Free. Ay, ay, that's the Health we want, Sir, a Pox of Wenches I say. [*All Drink.*]

Trap. An honest Fellow this if he speaks his mind? [*Apart.*]

'Sbud, Sir, your humour is admirable, and I honour you— Here, Sirrah, fill the glass again—I'll have 'tother Bumper with this honest Gentleman.

Free. It works. [*Apart*]—— Come faith, Sir, you had e'en as good go in with us again, and take it there.

Trap. Go in with you— Why what care I if I do, 'Gad and so I will, and now I'm set on't, I'll be merry too, shan't we be merry, ha— very merry Cousin *Manly*.

Man. As Scandal, Bawdy Jests, and Claret, can make us Faith.

Trap. Why come along then — 'Sbud for all I'm such an old Fellow, I can Caper and Drink, and—— Come along Captain. [*Exunt.*]

Thank you, but I shall be at home to-morrow—Come.

SCENE Changes.

Enter Freewit.

Free. So, I have left the old Fellow in good hands, safe for one Hour or two— Well, there's no such a Friend to love between Earth and Heaven, as a Bottle, except opportunity (which like a Mistress must be Court'd too) and thank the last Bumper or two, I'm pretty well qualified.

Enter Silvia, sees Freewit, puts on her Mask.

Silvi. So, here he is, and almost Drunk as I live— would I were handsomely off again.

Fre. Who have we here— A Prize by this Light, and thou'd be a trading Vessel too, by her trim. Mark you Child? Do you know whether you are going now?

Silvi. A very pretty question truly; pray, Sir, did you design to shew your wit or breeding?

Fre. Both, Child, both, for I design to talk very wickedly and be very troublesome, and the Devil's in it; if that won't pass for wit and good breeding, what a Woman of your quality.

Silvi. I must confess, Sir, by that Rule you may pass for a compleat Gentleman; for your present impertinence will secure you the reputation of being very well bred; and your being a Soldier strengthen your Title to the other; for I believe, neither your Religion nor Estate, will rob you of the reputation of being a Wit.

Free. No more than railing and ill Nature will add to your reputation of being Virtuous, or no more than the concealing a bad Face, will save you the reputation of a good one;

one; yet faith I have a mind to be driving a Bargain, tho' to so great a disadvantage, if the Price be not to extravagant.

Silvi. Why really I'm loth to discourage a proper Young Fellow, but I've a prevailing reason to imagine you'll think it so; for I can't bring my imagination to a Simile, between your Coat and your Breeches, without fancying your Pockets are as light as your Head.

Free. True Whore 'egad, she's for examining my Pockets, already—Here, here, Child, if it tick there, I'm not so poor but I have a Piece or two to part with on a good Occasion; There's one, the rest shall follow as I succeed.

Silvi. You had better keep it, Sir, or if you must lay it out in Vice, pay a Drunken reckoning with it——Or heark you Captain, 'twill serve to pay a Tavern Score, for I fancy your Credit don't reach much beyond it.

Free. This is the first Whore sure that ever refused Money when 'twas offer'd her. [*Apart*] If this Potion won't Cure thee of those squeamish fits of honesty, I've done with thee—I presume you may be the Fugitive Mistress of some kind keeping Coxcomb, that falsely swearing Truth to his Nauseous Embraces, wheedled him out of a Settlement for Life; and art now retir'd hither to set up for Reputation and a Fortune—To gull the hopes of some homebred Booby, whose want of wit will agree as well with the want of Virtue, as thy want of sincerity with his too much faith, or as the want of affection in both.

Silvi. And you I suppose are one of those vain, profuse Young Fellows, that setting up for a Town Rake, meerly for want of Wit, lost your Estate, and were forc'd to live upon a Commission; and now you've lost your Commission, for want of an Estate, may be forc'd to Live by your Wits.

Free. A smart Jade, by Heav'n [*Apart*] Don't rail against your Conscience, Child, you'll be in another Humour when I'm gone.

Silvi.

Silvi. If I be, Sir, it must prove out of a natural desire I have to be rid of you.

Free. And are you really honest.

Silvi. I have really Reputation enough to take off the Scandal of your Company; and that I may be secure from the Scandal of your Tongue, I shall conceal all means of describing me to the next Fools you converse with.

Free. Why then farewell chastity.

Silvi. Adieu dishonesty—and hark you Captain, to shew I wish you well, may you have nothing but your Poverty to keep you Company these two days.

Free. Nor thee, but thy Sins, I beseech Heaven.

[*Ex. severally.*]

SCENE Changes.

Enter Trapum, led by Drawer, Drunk.

Trap. I say, Sirrah, I, I—I will have tother Bumper, and a Wench, you Dog, get me a Wench, I'm as vicious as a pamper'd Jew; This Sack, this potent Sack has made a very Boy of me, methinks I feel the vigour of Thirty Five Dance in my Blood like sprites in an Opera—I'll have a Whore you Dog, a fine fallacious Whore, with a Lac'd Smock, and a—
and a—

[*Hy cup.*]

Draw. A Whore, Sir, here are no Whores in this House.

Trap. No Whores, Sirrah, are there any Women? fetch me your Masters Daughter, I'll ravish her you Scoundrel, I'm a Magistrate, and will stand by what I do. I'll Cuckold you you Toad, are you Married?

Draw. Yes, yes, Sir, I'm married; Heaven help me.

Trap. Then Kiss me thou dear Dog; and shall I lye with thy Wife, Ha?—shall I tickle her and so forth?

[*Hy cup.*
you

you may come to be a great Man in time, a Cuckold is Company for a Lord, you Dog.

Draw. No matter for that, Sir, as poor as I am, I'd rather keep my Wife to my self.

Trap. Here's a Rogue now, wou'd be above the predicament of Cuckoldom, when 'tis no Scandal among the better sort.

Draw. Will your Worship be pleas'd to let me wait upon you home?

Trap. No, Sirrah, my Worship will not be pleas'd, without tother bumper, and a Bawdy Health, begin a Bawdy Health you Dog, your Wife's Health, 'tis a Cuckolds Ceremony.

Draw. Indeed you've had enough, Sir, pray be Perswaded.

Trap. I say you lie you Dog, I have not enough, must I such Scoundrels as you set Rules to Men in Office—take that Sirrah, and bid your Master come and receive his Reckoning in the same Coin. *[Strikes him.]*

Draw. Com, Sir—'bud it's such Coin as I don't understand *[Shrugging.]*

Trap. Do you Mutter Scoundrel?

Draw. Mutter, Sir—I don't understand what you beat me for.

Trap. Why then if there be any instruction in a Cudgel, I'll furnish you with means to be wise Sir. *[Strikes him.]*

Draw. Adsheart, Sir, what do you mean? I'll not take it at your Hands so I wont.

Trap. Then take it from my Foot, you Dog, may be you understand it better, in that Language. *[Draper runs out, he follows him.]*

SCENE.

SCENE in Trappum's House.

Enter Athelia, Freewit.

Athel. I find you Sparks are apt to harbour an ill Opinion of a Woman upon the least encouragement, and think an assignation the Road to all you wish for, that scarce a little innocent freedom can escape your vain and scandalous imaginations— You like great Books at play, venture securely your selves, while Women by a too favourable thought of the Person and Intrigue, are drawn in like shallow Gamesters, who by thinking only to venture a small Stake, have not the power to give over, till they've lost their whole Stock.

Free. Not if every Man wou'd play upon the Square, as I do, Madam, and keep his winnings to himself— To have a special regard for that Womans Honour, who has had the good Nature to venture it with him— To be always the first that speaks well of her, and the last that thinks ill.

Athe. A pretty Piece of Gallantry— Well, Sir, since this Affair has gone thus far between us, pray, be free, and let me know what you think of me.

Free. Think!— What a plague does she mean— I love very well, Madam, that I've thought of nothing else since I saw you— Love has jostled all other Affairs quite out of my Head— I've talk'd of you, more than a Young Soldier does of Fighting, or a Young Poet of the merits of his first Play.

Athe. Talk'd of me, Sir?

Free. Ay to my self, Madam— A Woman is ever secure there, for the repetition of Love, is as tedious to other People, as the Passion is troublesome to our selves— Besides, I'm

Atbe. I rather believe you are a Rebel to Love, Sir, and

From I should be a great noble before, beautified in your
pay, tho' I were a thing to a very slender substance — to
Faith, try me, and —

Free, 'Egad but I wou'd not—I have a Heart us'd to danger, and can suffer much in a brave Cause—give me but good encouragement, and I'll be as faithful to your Commands, as a tender Maid to her first Vows of Love.

Free. Tender me the Ode, and I'll take 'em with as much
zeal—

And make Life and Reputation the Stake, we run as great a Hazard by conversing with Men, as they do by fighting— For you Spies of Intigue, are like the Spies in an Army; when you've made what discoveries you can, never fail to lay the weakness open to the Enemy.

9th D Courage,

Courage, through fear; when both might have met
Encounter, and come off with more Safety and Honour
non

At the. 'Tis good to keep Guard against Enemies—
fear can't be more predominant in our Souls than Scandal is in
yours—
declaring a Secret, as they were to be refused with it.

Free. Well, I find, Madam, you have more Interest
for me in this prerogative than I have for the Court, yet
Love for—

Enter Betty

Betty. Yes—yes, you may appear in the Court, but
'dine you've done finely, had I't not been for my
here 'till my Master's return.

Free. The God of Vengeance forbid you should be
Big. The God of Vengeance forbid you should be
as a Beast, where e'er he has been.
At the. Bless me, how kind he is to me.

Betty. Upon two Mens Shoulders I think.

Free. Wou'd they'd carried them Load to the Devil, when
they had scap'd you—
do?

Betty. O, with a point of his new way to knock the Gentleman.
At the. Can't you convey him down the Gallery Stairs, and
let him out through the Garden gate?

Betty. No, he has order'd all the Doors in the House to be
lock'd, and has got the Key in his Pocket, so much as the
very Key of the Beer Cellar, that goes out into the Wood-Yard—
he says he Dream'd last Night of a great Red Deen, out of
the Porcellain, that came and stuck his bloody nose in the Parlour
Window; cries the bells in chime towards him, and small bottle of
the

ACT III.

SCENE Continues.

Serv. Then your Worships have forgot you broke my Head with the Paring Shovel when you came in.

Trap. Ay, ay, I have forgot ev'ry thing, there's a Shilling, go and get a Discher, and bid Betsy make some Coffee presently.

Serv. I will, Sir.

Enter Silvia.

Trap. How now, ha— Who the Pox are you, Sir?

Silvi. Shift I took care to avoid the Old Gentleman and am just run into his Mouth—He's Jealous, I'll seize him a little.

Trap. I say, Sir, where are you that takes the freedom of my House, at this rate—hugh—

Silvi. Why look you, Sir, nothing directly what I seem to be, and you by a certain infirmity, incident to a Grey-beard, not knowing how to guess plainly, infer that Threescore and Ten may be mistaken in Cases of this Nature; and yet be allow'd the use of Spectacles.

Trap. A Pox Confound your inferences I say, again, Sir, Who are you? and what are you?

Silvi. To that I shall answer directly as you imagine; I'm a Man, at least I may pass for one I hope.

Trap.

Trap. Thou mai'st be a very pretty Fellow as far as I know ; But what are you for a Man, Sir ? — What are you ? Pimp, Scoundrel, Son of a Whore, Cuckold-maker, or what, Sir ?

Silvi. No, Sir — I'm a Wit —

Trap. A Wit, Sir — that is, Sir, you've a Head full of Brains, a Heart full of Love, and your Pockets full of — nothing ; and yet thou do'st not look like a Fellow that wanted a Dinner neither — Why by thy outside, Man, thou might'st be — Well, and pray, Sir, How may you Wits Live ?

Silvi. Live, Sir — Why I run in every Man's Debt that will trust me, and lie with ev'ry Man's Wife that will let me.

Trap. And what then, Sir ?

Silvi. Why then, Sir, I expose the VWoman, Laugh at the Cuckold, and cheat my Creditors.

Trap. Very well Faith, Are you Married ?

Silvi. Yes.

Trap. And how do you treat your Family Pray ?

Silvi. Like a Man of Quality — I kick my VVife, and keep a Whore.

Trap. 'Gad, thou'rt a pretty Young Fellow, and I like thy Impudence strangely — Now heark you, be but as ingenious to tell me how the strange manner of thy Life, agrees with the more strange manner of getting into my House, and egad I'll say thou'rt the honestest Fellow I ever met with in my Life.

Silvi. VVhy, look you, Sir, tho' it may seem a little strange to you at present, there is nothing above Nine Days wonder, that time will clear your Understanding without the formality of an Information.

Trap. VVhat a Pox, do you make a Kitling of me ?

Silvi. Not in the least, Sir, but at present I'm in a little hast, and you Subject to Passion ; so that, I imagine, there being a VWoman in the Case, you'll scarce have Patience

Trap. Old, why you little smirking son of a W more young, I'm not so Old, nor so Crazy, but I can Outdog such a Young Dog as you, for the dishonour of my Family. For all your Wit Sir—come on— [Lays hold of his Sword.

Silver. Hold, hold, Sir, I can't dispute your Mannhood at those Weapons—Why, Sir, I'm a Woman—

Trap. How, a Woman? — Well, and pray, —

Silvi. Yes, Sir, a very Woman—

Trap. I'm glad to with all my Heart and Soul, as I hope to be saved, pray pardon me, Madam, that I did not know you sooner.

Silvi. I have rather a Pardon to ask for the Liberty I've taken; but I hope, Sir, you'll bear with the Impertinence of a Woman—

Trap. Gad lo, Madam, you're heartily welcome, my House is at your service. I and my Family will serve you—I must be very civil to her, my Sister recommends her to me, for a very great Fortune; then she's my Daughters great Crony too.

Sir. I have found it Sir, why I put on this Disguise, here-
 after I'll acquaint you. But at present I must leave this to
 pursue the Design. — Your Servant, Sir.

Trip. Why what's matter for my knowing in the mind Old
tumbling Fellow—I never meddle with a Poamp Latty's Busi-
ness, not I, Madam, not I. Life [Exit

Days wonder that ~~anybody~~ ~~should~~ ~~understand~~ without
 strange to you at present, there is nothing above them
 Sister. Why, look you, Sir, tho' it may seem a little

the formality of an information.

Free, A Plague of Anti-Luck, together with that venerable Old Rogue for coming as he did, 'nd catchin' ofe, such an Oppor

Opportunity, when I had taken such pains to gain it, was worth of all.

Then was you, Sir, that met him at the Tavern, and made him Drunk?

Free. Ay, ay, who should it be?

Snap. The Devil, for I thought it was of the Power of Mortal,

to ruin the Design we had laid— But your Inguinity has

been before hand with me, I said, and so for the future, I

shall leave the management of this Affair to your own Discre-

tion. I'll have no farther to do with you, Sir, do you see, what's

Free. What an unlick'd Rogue am I grown to late!

Free. May, good Snap, don't be a Cinnamon Puffin; let me

know what I've done, and if I'm the wrong'd, I'll never have

Snap. No, no, Sir, you've done nothing, I shall's very well,

and so Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to go about

my own Occasions.

Free. Why, thou shalt go were thou woot, have what

thou woot, and do what thou woot— But prithee don't

leave me now.

Snap. Who I, Sir? I leave you more than I should, I leave you no more

than a Date to a Love-Letter or a Bear in a Self-Fight.

Free. Come, I'll make any manner of Compensation.

Snap. Compensation! Gosh, would it make any one Mad,

when the Girl and I had contriv'd to send him out of the way,

where it was impossible for him to return till night, and you to

supply his absence— For you, when he was going to Doff him—

make him Drunk, and send him home again!

Free. Why then the Devils a very honest Fellow, and has

paid me what he ow'd me, that's all I can say to the Matter—

But if I be't reveng'd on the old Jealous Rogue for't, may I

never taste the Pleasure of Whoring again!— Here, I owe

thee something for the last good Service in Bantering the Old

Fellow, there's half a Piece, will that serve?

Snap.

Snap. Yes, Sir, to lay out in your service, again, to buy Pullvillio and Jessamine, to pay Porters and Mornings Draughts; and once more I'll venture my service in this Affair — Well, Sir, What is it you'd have done?

Free. This Letter deliver'd with all the speed and secrecie imaginable.

Snap. It will be something Difficult, but no matter, I'll undertake it for the Contrivance, 'tis laid already as you shall see immediately, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Free. What an unlucky Rogue am I grown of late; sure that little Virtuous Devil *Silvia*, has set a Spell upon me, I have never had any luck in an Amour, since I first saw her Face. I have try'd all means already (but down right Impudence) to Debauch her, and 'twould do; that were Revenge sufficient.

Re-enter Snap disguised, with a Basket.

Snap. Oranges or Lemmons — Come, the Letter, the Letter — Ha? Sir — How do I look? Do you think I shall pass upon the old Dow?

Talp. O! So exact a Counterfeit, thou hast out done suspicion itself — here, here.

Snap. Sdeath, if I can't out wit this Old Fellow, I shall be out of Conceit with my own Parts and Employment, as long as I Live.

Free. Do but prosper in it *Snap*, and I'll ever own thee for a Man of parts.

Snap. If I do, Sir, I'll look for you hereabouts? *[Exit.]*

Free. Or at the Talbot — VVell,

*If I find sometimes, among the Knaves in Vogue,
Your Pimp of Parts, is the most useful Rogue. [Going out.]*

Enter

Enter Silvia.

Silvi. Sir, your humble Servant.

Free. If VVords are a qualification, I am yours, Sir.

Silvi. Pray, Sir, how goes the Day?

Free. Not very well with me Faith, Sir; I can't tell how it may go with others.

Silvi. But the Hour I mean, Sir?

Free. I wonder such a Smock fac'd Young Fellow, as you are shou'd ask that Question, when Gold VVatches are so much in fashion with the Ladies. [Exit.]

Silvi. Now the Devil take him for a Churle— But if I don't fit him for't, may I lose the Pleasure of railing at him to to ev'ry body that knows him, and commending him to ev'ry body that knows me—I'll follow him, I'm resolv'd; don't think you shall scape me so, Captain. [Exit.]

S C E N E Changes.

Enter Trapum, Athelia, Betty.

Athe. Is my Dear going abroad?

Trap. Hark you, are you my Wife? And am I your Husband? Answer me that.

Athe. Yes sure, my Dear, I think so.

Trap. Then ask me no more Questions. I am the Head of my Family, and will be obey'd in silence— If I go, I go; if I stay, I stay; if I'm either gone, or here, I'm your Husband still, remember that.

Betty. Yes, and shall be us'd like a Husband too; or all the subtlety and Invention of Woman shall be in vain.

F

Athe.

Athe. I hope you are not angry Honey; for asking such an innocent Question: I did it but out of my inclination to have your Company at home— That's the only way to be rid on him I'm sure.

Trap. I am neither angry, nor pleas'd, but if I am call'd by business, I must go, and you be satisfied without asking Questions— For look you, since Arbitrary Power, is but the will of us great Men, 'tis Treason i'the Wife, as well as the Subject, to strike at Sovereign Authority.

Athe. Well, I have done.

Betty. I wonder how you can find in your Heart to use a poor innocent Young Lady thus. Do you see? you've made her Cry, you have so—— For my part, you're grown so cross, I don't know what to make of you.

Trap. Don't you so, Mrs. Tart;— but she I suppose, with a little of your advise, can tell what to make of me.

Betty. She? she has Vertue enough to confound your Malice.

Trap. And thou hast Impudence enough to confound her Vertue.

Betty. Wou'd I had the power too; you shou'd see——

Trap. A Cuckold, you Jade, ev'ry time I look'd in the Glass— Oons, What will this World come too?

Enter Snap.

Snap. Oranges or Lemons; rare Fruit, excellent Fruit, Sir, Will you buy half a Hundred of choice good Oranges?

Trap. No, no, honest Fellow, I want none, I want none.

Snap. Right Sevill, Master, rare Sawce for Veal—

Trap. But I tell you once again, Sirrah, I want none.

Snap. I'll warrant 'em good, Sir, pray taste one— Will you be pleas'd, Madam, to see if you want any thing, I have that

that will please you I'm sure. *[All the time he endeavours to deliver the Letter, and pulls Betty by the Sleeve.]*

Betty. What a Devil ails the Fellow? Is he Mad?

Trap. What a damn'd Impudent Fellow art thou, that won't be said. I tell you once more Sirrah, I'll have none of your Trash.

Snap. Trash, Sir, I'd have you to know I carry no Trash—as good Ware, as any Man carries—Trash, Quotha—

[Goes up to Trapum, and holds the Letter behind him, Athelia taking it hastily drops it.]

Athe. Where were my Eyes or understanding, I could not perceive this sooner.

Trap. Oons you Dog, either be gone, or—ha—What's that you stoop for— *[Takes up the Letter.]*

Athe. Unlucky accident!

Trap. Ha! What's here? To the Fair Hands of her my Soul admires. *[Pause]* Sir, your very Humble Servant—

Snap. A plague of your Civility—I shall make a fine Hand of my Oranges and Lemons I find.

Trap. Pray, Sir, might you do me the favour, to bring my Wife this Pacquet of Iniquity?

Snap. Who I, Sir—bring it Sir, why, Sir— I, I—

Trap. Nay, ne'er deny it Man, Why where's the harm on't?

Snap. Why really, Sir, to be ingenious, I was prevail'd upon by a Gentleman i'the Street to deliver it to a Lady in this House—I hope there's no harm in't, Sir, for I assure you if I thought there had, I'd not have meddled with it—Your Servant Sir, you're very humble Servant. *[Going.]*

Trap. A very Conscientious Person, you seem to be truly—But pray, Sir, let me intreat you to stay the reading of it, because 'tis possible the Contents may Title you to a Reward.

Snap. O! no matter, Sir, no matter, I don't Expect any thing for my pains—but a beating, and that I believe I'm pretty sure on. *[Apart.]*

Trap. I must beg your Pardon Sir, 'twou'd be ungenerous to let you go unrewarded. *F 2 Reads.*

Reads.

Since our late Disappointment, I have a Thousand times Cur'dst Fortune, as my worst of Enemies ; this with a trembling Hand and Heart, I writ to let you know how uneasie I remain, till I am so happy to hear when I may hope for the like opportunity—

A very pretty stile I protest— and you I'll warrant you now know nothing of this— ha?

Athe. No more than the Child that's unborn my Dear— Lord, I can't imagine the meaning of it.

Trap. Gad so, Madam, I beg your pardon heartily ; why I don't suspect you do.

Athe. Not I, as I'm a Christian Honey.

Trap. A Christian ; ah— I wish your Christian Charity has not bestow'd a twofold Benediction on me.

Athe. For my part, I wonder from whence it shou'd come— *Betty,* Do you know any thing of it ? if you do, speak ?

Trap. No more than her Mistris I'll warrant.

Silvi. Not I indeed, Sir—— And yet I cou'd find in my Heart to say I did. [*Apart.*

Trap. Why look you there now, did not I tell you the Girl knew better things than to betray her Ladies secrets— let me see— Why here the Gentleman says, *Since your late Disappointment—* And here again, *'till I'm so happy to hear when I may hope for the like opportunity—* Why 'tis as plain as the Nose on a Man's Face—— But you know nothing of it, nor your Maid neither, so you may leave us —— The Gentleman and I must have a little serious talk together —— go ——

Betty. Yes, and be even with you yet, or my Wit shall fail me— Be sure you deny it to the last. [*to Snap* [*Ex. Athe. Betty.*

Snap. I hope, Sir, you don't take any thing ill of me ; I'm Sorry I shou'd be concern'd in this Business.

Trap. A very Honest Civil person you seem to be, as I hope to be sav'd ; pray, Sir, what Religion may you be of.

Snap. Religion ! O dear, I never meddle with those matters— I'm and honest poor Fellow, and go to Church among my Neighbours, live decently, and pay Parish Duties, put on

a clean Shirt once a Week, and eat Roast meat ev'ry Sunday ; I hope your Worship means me no hurt.

Trap. Not in the least, alas, Why shou'd I hurt so sober a discreet person as you seem to be—Come pray, Sir, that the manner of our Treaty may answerth' dignity on't be pleas'd to take a Chair.

Snap. O good, Sir, I don't care for sitting, if you please, Sir, I'd rather be walking a great deal. *[Offers to go.]*

Trap. Nay, pray, Sir.

Snap. Pray excuse me, Sir, upon my word I can't very well stay.

Trap. Only till I return, Sir, I'll be with you in an Instant, some reward you ought to have I'm sure. *[Exit.]*

Snap. A plague of my Master, he'll never let me alone, while I've an Ear left.—— Now am I as Dull as the sound of a full Hoghead, not the least invention in me. Let me see, self preservation's a principle much in use ; suppose I shou'd betray the Matter, and bring my self off.

Enter Betty.

No, that were ungenerous—— Well, What News— ha— No Comfort—— What the Devil do's this old Fellow of yours design to do with me?

Betty. I don't know, to use you ill enough I'm affraid ; he has sent to the Sadlers, for a Couple of the best Horse-Whips, and talks of a Horse-Pond, and strange things.

Snap. The Devil he does ?

Betty. Nay, worse than that ; he talks of nailing one of your Ears among the Otters Feet, at the Hall Door.

Snap. O Lord ! O Lord ! and is there no way to escape ? no Stratagem— What must I do ?

Betty. I don't know, you must e'en trust to your Impudence as you us'd to do, and Face out the Storm like the Butt end of a Weather-Cock.

Snap. No place to hide me in ? No Corner, 'sdeath, I cou'd creep into a Mouse-hole : Prithee help me out this time, and for ever after do what you will with me. *Betty.*

Betty. Marry hang you, you'l relapse again, but I'll try you for once— here, here, on with this Gown quickly, if you meet any body by the way, look dull and grave, you'l pass unsuspected— Away, give that Note to your Master. [*Ex. severally.*]

Enter Trapum, and two Servants with Cudgels.

Trap. How now! What is the Rogue gone?— go search above Stairs for him! Are you sure no body went out a Doors?

Serv. No body but Mr. *Saintlook*, the Parson, I watch'd the Door safe enough.

Trap. Well, go look for him then, and when you find him tie him to the Frame of the Table i' the great Hall, and Jerk him foundly, a Damn'd Rogue— an impudent audacious Dog, to propogate Cuckoldom i' the very Face of a Magistrate. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE Changes.

Enter Snap, led by three or four Country-men.

1st. Coun. Come, Come, bring him along Neighbours, bring him along; He's some Jesuit or Popish Priest I'll warrant him.

Snap. A Pox Confound you for a Parcel of Rogues, let me go will you?— A Priest, you Dog.

2d. Coun. Yes, yes, yeo shan go -- to a Magistrate, before we parten wi' ye— Hark you Neighbour *Tummas*, an he prove a Priest, don ye see, there's so much reward for taking him.

3d. Coun. Stand asid Neighbour *Batch*, and let me talk a little woisely to him — Law's ye, Sir, don ye see, be what yeo won, don ye see, we tack ye upon conspition, don ye see; for 'tis plain, yeo are a Counterfeit, don you see, by that gay Garment under your Gown.

2d. Coun. Adsheart *Tummas*, Neighbour *Coab* talks woundy woisely.

1st. Coun.

1st. Coun. Ay, Sir, a Counterfeit, don ye see, therefore befor, we let you go, we'll know who yeo bin, and what yeo bine don ye Mark.

Snap. If my Hands were loose I'd let you know, I wou'd so, ye Cuckoldly Country Boobies!

1st. Co. Why Law's yeo Friend, we 'an neer more Cuckolds among us, than when e'vry Citizen's at his Country-house.

2d. Coun. Don ye give ill words—— Come, come, to the Justice with'n——

3d. Count. Ay, ay, To our old Master *Trapum*, with'n, he'll swinge him efeth, an he be either Papist or Jacobite.

Snap. Before him! Oons, my Bones ake at the very thoughts on't—Lord Gentlemen, I am no Papist or Jacobite, or any thing like it—but a Servant to a Gentleman that's now in this Town.

1st. Coun. A Servant, a licky matter efeth, with a Parsons Gown on, I believe Friend an Truth weer known; yeo were i'th' last Plot against the Queen and Parliament.

3d. Coun. Law's ye Neighbours, now we talk of a Justice, 'tis Gentlemen at e'ery Word; I'll warant him a Rogue, he has such fine words in his Mouth.

2d. Coun. Ay, ay, away with'n, away with'n.

Snap. Nay, Gentlemen, pray Gentlemen, do but hear me.

3d. No, no, Neighbour's, carry'n away, let's hear what he can say for himself before the Justice. [Exeunt.

Enter Freewit.

Free. What makes Snap stay so? I'm affraid matter's go ill, The Rogue's caught sure.

Re-enter Snap, and Countrymen.

2d. Coun. Come, come, bring him along.

Free. How now Gentlemen, who have you there?

1st. Coun. Nay, by the Mefs, Sir, we dono know that; some Rogue we suppose. Snap.

Snap. O! Sir, if you had not come just as you did, these Rogues had help'd me to a sound Drubbing.

Free. Who, *Snap*! ———

Snap. Ay, Sir, 'tis I; for as much as I know of my self.

3d. Coun. Why then you know him, Sir?

Free. Ay, ay, he's my Servant, and only put on this disguise for a little Mirth these Holy-days.

1st. Very well, Sir, very well — 'tis well we wenten no farther Neighbour, ha? —

2d. Coun. We have no farther business now Neighbours, we may go. [*Ex. Countrymen.*]

Snap. To the Devil you Rogues I hope. 'Sdeath, they've made me sweat with the very Fright; Here, here, Sir, on with this Gown I have not time to tell you what has happen'd — so change Hats and Wiggs with me. [*Snap pulls off the Gown, Freewit puts it on.*]

Free. But what am I to do in this pious Robe, ha?

Snap. At the Garden-gate, Sir.

Free. What a Pox, are you Mad — I ask what I'm to do? and you answer at the Garden-gate.

Snap. There's Directions for you, Sir, read 'em, read 'em.

Freewit Reads.

In this Disguise you are to pass for a Brother of my Ladys, from Oxford, one my Master never saw; when you're equipt, be walking under the Garden-wall.

BETTY.

I find this Girl is an excellent qualified Creature, and by her Contrivance in this Matter, seems to have the chief management of it.

Snap. For which reason, Sir, you must be sure to bribe her well; her natural inclination to do the good Office, is an Argument she has enjoy'd the benefit of it her self; and she that will sacrifice her own Virtue to her Pride, will any bodies else, to her own Interest.

Free. Right *Snap*, that shan't be wanting; and now for the Garden-gate.

Fate has yet dealt an unsuccessful Lot,

But this can't fail, because a Womans Plot!

End of the third Act.

ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E in Trapum's House.

Enter Freewit and Athelia.

Free. **T**His is so kind, that I want Words to thank you—
 Let me devour the Roles of your Lips, and take
 each Kiss to be a frank Acknowledgment.

Athel. Speak softly, for Heaven's sake, lest he over-
 hear us.

Free. Then let's retire farther from his jealous Ears, where
 Love may be oblig'd in the retreat— All now is safe and
 unsuspected— an Opportunity the next succeeding moment
 may destroy.

Athel. I'm so affraid he'll discover you, I'll swear I tremble
 with the very thoughts on't.

Free. Let only Occasion be the rise of fear : Sure Fortune
 will befriend us once ; besides, the Cheat has taken so effe-
 ctually, 'twill be impossible, but by a miracle, it shou'd be
 discover'd.

Athel. Bless me, what Noise is that ? I start at ev'ry thing
 I hear.

Free. Nothing but your fear ; give way to Love, 'twill
 chace the Bug-bear from your trembling Heart.

G

En'cr

Enter Betty.

Bett. O ! Madam, the most unlucky Accident, the most unfortunate thing that ever happen'd !

Athel. Bless me ! What Accident ? Don't frighten me ; speak quickly ?

Bett. My Master, my Master, Madam !

Athel. What ? He has not Discover'd any thing ?

Bett. All, all's discover'd, I'm affraid.

Free. Why then the Wheel of Fortune's unstrung, and she can turn nothing the right way for me that's certain.

Athel. How, how ? Lord, I'm at my Wit's end !

Bett. Why, as I was taking in a Letter for you, he came behind me unawares, took it out of my hand, read the Superscription, broke it open, and who shou'd it come from, but your Brother.

Athel. From my Brother ? Unfortunate Woman ; What shall I do, or say ?

Bett. Heark, he's coming—— Leave the matter to me, deny you know one another, talk of a Mistake ; I have a Thought in my head to bring all off yet.

Free. Egad, and I'll say thou'rt a rare Girl if thou dos't.

[*Exit.*

Enter Trapum.

Athel. I'm strangely surpriz'd at this Mistake of yours, Sir——

Athel. So am I too, Madam, as I hope to be sav'd.

Trap. Are you so ; this crafty Baggage has been before me, I find—— Brother, Your humble Servant.

Athel. Brother, my Dear—— I'm amaz'd ; why do you bring this Gentleman here for my Brother ?

Trap.

Trap. No, *Jezebel*, 'twas you brought him here for something else, I suppose.

Athel. What do you mean, *Honey*? He's no Brother, nor Relation of mine.

Trap. No—— I wish he has not Enter'd himself of my Family, for he looks more like a Whore-master than a *Le-vite*—— Hark you, Sir, I shall make bold to see what Carnal piece of Knavery is Conceal'd under this Mark of Religion.

Athel. Don't venture near him, *Honey*, may be he's some Conjuror:

Trap. O! Gad so Madam, there's no Question but you have laid the Devil by this time—— If you are a Whoring Priest look to't.

[*Pulls by his Gown, and discovers his red Coat.*
O! Horror, Murder, Treason, Cuckoldom: Ring the Turret Bell there, and alarm all my Brethren o' the City—— A Soldier with my Wife!

Enter Silyia and Betty at distance.

Sily. Ay, 'tis he.

Bett. I had thought to have made use of your Name, Madam, if you had not come.

Sily. Never fear, I'll bring all off yet.

Trap. Are not you a damn'd impudent Fellow, to scandalize the Clergy at this rate? Answer me that? Sir.

Athel. Indeed, my Dear, I believe he is some very wicked Person; but if he has committed any abominable thing, let it light on his own head, don't thee put thy self in a Passion.

Trap. No, Minion, 'twill light on my head, it will so.

Sily. Sir, Sir, a Word with you, you'll ruin the Design I told you of. This is a Plot of mine.

Trap. How, Madam, a Plot of yours? [*Joyfully.*

Silv. Yes, Sir, I hope you are not angry at it?

Trap. Angry at it; No, no, the Devil take me, if I am, or if I ever was better pleas'd in my life: Angry, for a Man to find himself no Cuckold, a very good Jest.

Silv. This Gentleman makes Love to me, Sir,—— Your Wife's Innocent, 'twas I contriv'd all this.

Trap. Gad so, Madam, you shall have my Assistance in any honourable Design—— and I ask your Pardon a thousand times, and the Gentleman's too; I protest I'm affraid I've said too much—— (to *Freewit.*) Sir, I ask your Pardon heartily for my Mistake, but as you'r a Gentleman, I hope you'l pass it by—— Gad so, that I shou'd be so over-seen it vexes me.

Free. Now don't I know what I am to say—— Since what was said or done, Sir, proceeded from a Mistake, 'tis the least a Gentleman can do to pardon it: And since I was equally Guilty in procuring the Mistake, I ask your's, for the Liberty I have taken—— That was pretty well, I believe—— (*Apart.*)

Trap. Not a farthing matter for me, Sir, as you and the Lady can agree—— And now, Wife, I ask thy Pardon too, I believe I was in an Error to day before.

Silv. D'slife, Sir, you had like to have discover'd me.

Trap. Gad so, Madam, 'twas well you Caution'd me (*apart.*) I had spoil'd all else—— Come, my Dear, let's leave 'em together—— *Betty*, come away—— Sir, your humble Servant—— [*Ex. Trap. Athel. Betty.*

Free. My dear little *Mercury*, let me kiss thee for thy Wit— What shall I do by way of return? Shall I fight for thee? Pimp for thee? Or,—— S'death the young Rogue Kisses soft and sweet, as a melting Beauty.

Silv. O! Sir, Your humble Servant, such trifling Favours merit no return—— What I have to ask will rather occasion a Quarrel between us.

Free.

Free. Quarrel with thee, my little *Adonis*; no, by Heav'n, not I, I'm more a Man of Honour, than to deny thee any thing.

Silv. Then, Sir, you must quit your Amour here instantly.

Free. Short warning I confess, to consider of an Affair so important—— But to avoid a Quarrel, let the Lady's Inclination decide the matter.

Silv. I shou'd scarce preserve your good Opinion of my Wit, shou'd I leave the matter to uncertainty with so much the better Title—— I plead precedency in Love as being first known to her, and first in her Favour.

Free. And I the Sexes Vanity, that are always fond of a new thing; for she that will Change her Husband for a Gallant, may have the same Desire to change one Gallant for another.

Silv. I have another thing to urge, that makes my claim more substantial: She has made me happy in my Love, and that's a favour you are not arriv'd too yet, I suppose. I wou'd fain know that; my heart goes Pitta-pat. [*apart.*

Free. Why, that's true, as he says—— I thought the young Rogue had lain with the Wife, he had such an Interest with the Husband—— Well, give's thy Hand, (tho' damnably against my Will,) yet out of a sense of Gratitude you have your Request.

Silv. Now, dear Dissimulation assist me, (*apart*) I must own, Sir, you deal like a Man of Honour,—— I fear'd it much before, and now am but too well convinc'd, how justly you've my better Hopes supplanted—— Unequal in your Love, as I in Merit.

Free. O! dear Sir, you're a Courtier, but, take it from me, few Merit (or at least will find) more Favour from the Ladies than your self, 'tis you are Conqueror.

Silv. Alas, Sir, 'twas but a dissembled Skirmish, a faint to draw you on to closer Engagement,—— My heart receives

ceives no Joy from the success, and I must render back the Conquest ere I've well achiev'd it: ——— No, 'tis not *Arabella* I wou'd ask, a Love more fierce has met my wand'ring heart, and fix'd it ever on the dear lov'd Object; on her alone tis fix'd. (*sighs.*)

Free. Fly-day, what a suddain Change is here? There's as little difference now between this and madness, as between Madness and Love: ——— Well, and what is the Cruel— ha?

Silv. Falle to my flatter'd Hopes with which she once did feed my growing Love, whose little God, by those ascents, stole gently to my heart, and rob'd it of its peace, leaving me wretched, past the Assistance of any Help but yours.

Free. Mine? Why, prithee I have no Command under *Cupid*: ——— I believe the Boy thinks because I'm a Soldier, I can frighten his Mistress into Compliance.

Silv. Too sure I fear'd you'd sport with my Misfortunes; ——— but if you ere have Lov'd, or hope less rigour from its awful Laws, ——— have pitty on my Youth; ——— or if That be a stranger to your Breast let Cruelty succeed, kill me, and let my Death compleat the Ruin your Person has begun, ——— There's some Compassion even in that.

Free. By *Cupid*, the Boy's mad; ——— Hark you, Child, is this a Riddle? Or a Lesson out of some modern Tragedy? Prithee, in less doleful Accents, let me be acquainted with your Request?

Silv. Swear you'll perform it, and, if I can, I'll force my heart to utter its Complaint.

Free. No Swearing, Child, till I know the Obligation; ——— But if it be'nt unreasonable ———

Silv. Then know this cruel, false, but O! This lovely Woman is ———

Free. What?

Silv.

Silv. In Love with you; seen you the last, and mark'd your graceful Mien, and once or twice receiv'd your *Ben Address*, unable to resist what Love impos'd, she entertain'd her new acquainted Guest; — to whose more manly Virtues my feeble Merit must submit: — My Suit dispis'd, and all my Claims rejected, — I only know you're the unhappy Cause, and hither follow'd you to tempt my Fate.

Free. Poor young Fellow, I pity him — yet Pox on him too, here's a rare Intrigue lost — Well, Sir, and you would have me Swear? —

Silv. Never to see her more; — shun her from all her Sex, upon whose Charms, if e'er you fix your Heart, the Curse of Injur'd Love must follow, — for I was blest with hopes, till your superiour Claims oppos'd: — like a swift Racer foremost on the Plain, I held my way, till you stept in and bore the Prize before me.

Free. Very moving — Od, I like the Boy strangely, what ere's the matter: — Well, Sir, I can do you no Service, till you let me know the Tempter I must shun, — and then I promise much.

Silv. O! There again my heart resumes it's fear — There's such a Charm even in her very Name, I doubt, like blasting Winds, 'till bring Infection here, and you like me will catch the vile Disease: — On certainty I neither way depend, and may by either be undone, — yet Reason bids me rather trust Humanity than Love: — This Virtuous Maid, Beautiful as Heaven e're made any, Gentile and Witty as e're Nature made; is call'd, —

Silvia. [*Sighs.*

Free. Ha! By this *Light* her own dear self! and if I be not even with you! — Such a Woman I have seen indeed. —

Silv.

Silv. Had she ne'er seen you I had still been happy till time and Conversation had remov'd the yet remaining Difference twixt our Loves.

Free. Well, Sir, rough as I seem, and tho' a Soldier, I own the power of Love. — Your story has struck a nearer concern to me than you Imagine, nor has *Silvia's* Charms been Idle with my heart, — but nothing to danger, thank Heaven.

Silv. So indifferent.

Free. Therefore to shew I am a Man of Honour, and wholly to suppress your fears, I here promise you never to see her more; — and not to trust the quiet of my heart so near the Temptation, I resolve, within this hour, to ride Post for London.

Silv. Hang him, I hope he Lies.

Free. My Affairs here are, for the most part, dispatch'd, other than such as my Servant can do; — So that I'll prepare instantly — Here, call my Man, I think he waits there — shou'd I stay longer you wou'd be still uneasy, and I in danger,

Enter Snap.

Snap. Put me up some Linnea in my Port-Mantue, and carry it to the Post House; bid 'em get me a Horse, and a Horn, ready within this hour — I'm for London — I'll give you orders what to do, and follow me to Morrow. — [*Winks on Snap.*]

Snap. I have him — I'm extremely glad, Sir, you have taken this suddain resolution — There's an Order publish'd for all Officers to return immediately to their Posts, on pain of being Cashier'd.

Free. Say't o' so *Snap*, 'gad I must take care then.

Silv. The Devil take the Fellow for me, 'sife I've carried the Jest too far.

[*Exit Snap.*]

Free.

Free. Now, Sir, I hope you'll own I'm Generous.

Silv. Yes, Sir, — you are truly Generous.

Free. How now, Sir, — methinks you're not so warm in your return as I might expect.

Silv. I'm a little concern'd, Sir, that I shou'd put a Gentleman to this unnecessary trouble; — you might have staid to dispatch your Affairs.

Free. O! Sir, never let that disturb you, my Word and Honour shall Command my Business, — Well, if you succeed on *Silvia* let me know, — But heark you, Sir, do you really think her Virtuous?

Silv. A very suitable Question to my Curiosity truly, (apart. To think otherwise, Sir, were a greater Crime, than for her to be otherwise.

Free. Why, faith Sir, I am loath to discourage a young Gentleman, but you must pardon me if I presume to express some doubt on't.

Silv. Rude Fellow — Hang him, let him go —

Free. No, no Child, he'll stay here to beat up your Quarter, ha, ha, ha, — my little Female Cadet, had you a mind, indeed, to be making a Campaign with me? No, no Child, 'tis out of fashion with great Men, to take their Mistresses abroad with 'em, ha, ha, ha, —

Silv. Vengeance light on him, he'll tieze me to death —

Enter Snap.

Free. ha, ha, — *Snap,* here's a young Voluntier, pri-
thee give him Lifting-money, and provide him good Quar-
ters.

Snap. Why, Sir, you'll have nothing but Cadets in your
Company, Sir, — You've Listed but 19 Men this Win-
ter, and 15 of them are Cadets, ha, ha, ha, —

H

Free.

Free. A pretty spruce Fellow, I'll give him a Halbert,
Snap. ——— ha, ha, ha, ———

Snap. Ay, Sir, or make him Clerk of your Company, and
 then he may be able to Spend with his Colonel, ha, ha, ha, —

Silv. Is't not enough, Sir, to Affront me your self, but you
 must let your impudent Footment do't too?

Snap. Ay, ay, Sir, I can bear with your being a little fa-
 miliar with my Title here; we Officers always use our Re-
 cruits well on this side the Water, ha, ha, ha, —

Free. This Virguous Maid, Beautiful as Heaven e're made
 any, Gentile and Witty as e're Nature made, is call'd, —

Silvia ——— ha, ha, ha, —

Snap. So, now I'll steal off to equip my self for our new
 design upon the Old Fellow ——— *[aside Exit.]*

Free. Egad it has put strange things in my Head ——— pri-
 thee Child bestow these Breeches on me.

Silv. No, nor my Pettycoats neither, therefore ne're trou-
 ble your self further in the matter: ——— *[Exit.]*

Free. Ay, ay, you may go ——— I'll not Tempt a Woman
 in her fullen fit.

*In Love, or War, we equal dangers find,
 No Foe like Woman to Revenge inclin'd,
 Nor Spoil like the reward of Beauty kind.* *[Exit.]*

Enter Betty, Jasper.

Betty. Well, *Jasper*, are you perfect in your Lesson?

Jasp. I'll warrant you for that *Betty* ——— But are not you
 mad to venture on such a wild Fellow?

Betty. Hang him, I Love him, and can't help it; and
 should he know it, I aptly conceive what I must trust too —

(51)
if this succeeds (as well it cannot miss) I shall be reveng'd
on him at least, and well satisfied into the Bargain.

Jasp. Ay, and well used into the Bargain too no doubt;—
but what pretence is there to favour the mistake?

Betty. Enough, he is to be dress'd in a Suit of his Masters,
for a Project I have put him upon, and to weight for
me about 8, in the Popular Walk by the Abbey, to re-
ceive Instructions.

Jasp. Well, good luck to us both.—— I'll about it, 'tis
near the time.

Betty. Do—— I'll expect the Event, and be provi-
ded.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE Changes.

Enter Freewit.

'Twas luckily discover'd. Love her, I do, that's certain;
then that dear damn'd Virtue of hers—— Tempts me strange-
ly—— let me see, at my coming away, the Girl cram'd
this into my hand. [Reads] If you can contrive any
way to draw my Master Abroad to-morrow Morning, (to
Night it is too near his Bed-time) you may depend upon my Fi-
delity to serve you:—— Generous, however,—— but the
Means—— ha, that Fellow brings a Thought in my
Head.——

Enter Shift, disguis'd like a Mad-man.

Shift comes up to Freewit, as tho' he meant to ask some-
thing, who offers him Money.

There ——— [Shift Stairs mildly at him.
 Nay, thou'rt mad indeed if thou refuselt Money. Heark
 you, hast thou no reason left?

Shift. Yes, I can distinguish those I like, from those I don't
 like, there's reason in that.

Free. Ay, I'll be sworn, is there ——— How came you mad?
 Were you e're in Love?

Shift. Yes, like other Fools, with my self.

Free. But did you never Love Woman?

Mad. No, nor Man neither, but as Properties for Lust
 or Interest.

Free. Did you ever study?

Mad. Yes, (as most Men of business do) how to cheat
 all they deal with.

Free. In what Station wer't thou in the World?

Mad. A Projecting Weaver first, then an Exciseman; and
 and that I might be sure to be a thorow pac'd Rogue, I turn'd
 Informer.

Free. What was thy Father?

Mad. A Non Juring Pr. afterwards turn'd Dancing Ma-
 ster, and got by his Heels, what he lost by his Conscience.

Free. What Country Man are you?

Mad. I'm a Native of every place I come too.

Free. Have you no Family? are not you Married?

Mad. Yes, I am Wedded to these Rags, and have the In-
 cumbrance of a Horn, a Staff, and these Trinkets.

Free. How long have you been in this Town?

Mad. Long enough to be weary on't.

Free. Why, are the People unkind to you?

Mad. I ask no kindness of 'em.

Free. No, how are you reliev'd then?

Mad. By providence.

Free. There's something more than ordinary in this Fel-
 low's Words — I'll try him, ——— I fancy, honest Fellow, you
 are

are not really so Mad as you would seem to be. But are rather reduc'd by some extraordinary occasion to wear this Habit : Come, be Ingenious ; I'll be kind to you.

Mad. Why, faith Sir, you look like an honest Gentleman, and one that I have reason to hope won't be an Enemy to my Industry ; I was never us'd to Work, nor can I, tho' I starv'd : In the late VVar I serv'd as a Dragoon, and sometime after begg'd as a maim'd Soldier ; but I might as well have been a Turk, for I got but poor Relief that way——In short, Sir, the loss of a Man's VVits is a better Parent to beg, than the loss of a Leg or an Arm, (tho' I dissembled both) for whereas they stand Canting at the Door for an Alms, I walk with unconcern into the Hall or Kitchen, by which I am privileg'd to some small Cheats that are my chief support ; and which I hope, Sir, you'll have the better Opinion of, since I've let you know I have nothing but my VVits to Live on.

Free. Poor Dog———There———there's something for you—— I have a part for you to Act, which will require some of your VVit to perform.

Mad. Heav'n bless you, Sir, any thing that I can do to serve you.

Free. Can you tell a Lye handsomely, stand in it, and keep your Countenance.

Mad. I'll warrant you, Sir, for any Task where Impudence is concern'd ?

Free. VVhat's your Name ?

Mad. Shift ; I am best known by, Sir.

Free. Follow me, Shift, resolve to be honest, and I'll take you off this Scandalous way of Living. [*Exeant.*

Enter

Enter Snap Singing.

Snap. I'm strangely merry, very merry, Faith, these Cloaths inspire me with noble Thoughts—— and, Egad I begin to think I'm a very pretty Fellow—— ha—— If I had but a Feather, and a little less Wit now, I might pass for some Travelling Lord, or a Militia Captain.

Enter Jasper in Woman's Cloaths.

Jasp. O! dear Sir, I'm glad I've lit on you, I've danc'd backward and forward, like a Shuttle-cock, all the Town over to find you—— Well, you're such a Man among the VWomen.

Snap. Why, that's true, but the Devil take me if I know who thou art, or who thou tak'st me for. *(apart.)*

Jasp. Capt. Freewit is the Talk of the all fine Women in Town; a handsome Gentleman, says one; a witty Gentleman, says another; a Generous Gentleman, says another,—— Well, you're a happy Man, if a pretty young Lady, with good Humour, and two Thousand Pound, can make you so—— You know who I mean, Sir?

Snap. Not I, faith, but there's something in it worth Consideration—— Hum, a pretty Woman, two Thousand Pound, and takes me for my Master? Where will this end? Yes, yes, Child, I know who you mean, but——

Jasp. But you think she has not got her Fortune into her own hands—— ah, Sir, but when you promis'd to Marry her on that Condition, she was so in Love with you, she never rested till she had got the Keys of her Uncle's Cabinet,——

Snap.

Snap. Then she has got it, ha?

Jasp. Got it, Yes, Sir, I think she has, and something else too, and is gone Disguis'd to a Friend's House, where I can convey you privately to her, for she'd fain have you Marry her to Night, lest her Uncle shou'd search for her to Morrow —

Snap. Hum ——— to Night; ——— Suppose I shou'd personate my Master, and get the 2000 £ how he wou'd resent it ——— Let me see, he has promis'd to marry her, which is an Infallible Argument he never design'd it. Ay, but then o' my side, 'tis a sign he has Debauch'd her: Why, what if he has, there are Maidenheads enow in 2000 £. ——— And if I Marry his cast Mistress, I shall rid him of a very troublesome Affair, and the Money will put me above his Relentments — 'Tis a lucky thought, and I'll Improve it ——— to Night do's she lay? ———

Jasp. Yes, Sir, for the sooner the better when your'e Married once, all's safe.

Snap. True Child: ——— But I am thinking that to make the matter the more secure, what if we contriv'd to be Married in disguise for you know it is not good to trust any body in such an Affair.

Jasp. Trust, Sir, not so much as the Priest that Marries you: She shall keep the disguise she has on, and be Married in her Mask.

Snap. And I in a Vizer, ha? ——— For you know 'twill look the more like a Frolick when we're both disguis'd.

Jasp. Very right, Sir; then you shall be married in the Room where you lye, and as soon as the Ceremony's over away to Bed, and then the danger's past, Sir.

Snap. Excellent contrivance ——— But let's retire, lest we are observ'd ——— I always thought I was a Lucky Dog.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE in Trapum's House.

Enter Athelia, Silvia.

Athel. Well — I'm afraid there'll be sad work when the Murther breaks out.

Silv. There will no hanging, and then no matter, why pray, is there any harm in viewing an Estate before we purchase it?

Athel. No.

Silv. Why that's just my case, I neither like the Air nor Soil, and have a mind to be purchasing elsewhere — and I apt to think, upon second Thoughts, the matter won't be so bad as you imagine; 'tis but taking him in a good Humour.

Athel. Than you can never be so happy in an opportunity, for I never knew him pleasanter in my Life, — nay, he's civil to me, and that's more than he's been since the first Month we were married; he's mightily pleas'd at what happen'd to day, for which I must applaud your Wit, tho' I shou'd blush to own the Obligation; but I repent the occasion less, since it has given me Rules for my future Conduct: For I am now fully convinc'd that the Fears and Troubles of an Intrigue out weigh the Pleasure: — but o! my Heart.

Silv. There needs no Apology, I cou'd not do less than help you out, since you saw with my Eyes, and were caught in the same Snare; and to-morrow I think to declare in favour of the Captain — till which time we'll take to consider of the best and surest means. — *[Exit Silvia.]*

Enter

Enter Trapum, Shift, with a Riding Coat and Boots.

Trap. Sir, I rejoice in the Command my Lord lays upon me, and you shall bear me well to him in the Execution on't.

Shift. The Reputation of your Conduct, Sir, in these Affairs is so eminent in the State, that my shallow Praise will add but little to the Fame you bear.

Trap. VVhy, truly, Sir, I have kept a watchful Eye on the safety of the Government, and will, in this, continue my Integrity—— The Letter Imports, *That there are several Papists and disaffected Persons dispers'd this way, and here have met to propogate their designs of carrying on a Plot : That there are great store of Arms conceal'd in Town——* Truly I suspected this, and wonder they have been quier so long?—— *Enter Betty—— Betty, where's your Mistress?*

Betty. In her Chamber, Sir, and stays for you.

Trap. I'll come—— I hope, Sir, you will hold me excus'd to Night; ill Hours disorder me; I am an early Man up and down; but to morrow shall be proud to Entertain you; in the mean time, Sir, pray take a Bed with me.

Shift. I have business in the Town, Sir, that will keep me up late, and will pay no disturbance to your Family—— My Inn shall serve to Night.

Trap. Then pray, Sir, do me the Honour to Dine with me to morrow, I'll early be upon the hunt, and hope to render the State a good Account of my Proceedings by your return; Your Servant, Sir, good Night.

Shift. A good Repose to you, Sir,—— [pulls Betty.]

Betty. Wou'd you speak with me, Sir?

Shift. Yes Child, if your Name be Betty.

Betty. Pardon me, Sir, I don't readily know you.

Shift. I'll give you a better understanding of my Business, I come from Capt. Freewit, and this a Plot of his, pursuant to your Directions.

Betty. O! 'Tis well, Sir, you caution'd me, and I'll improve it to his Advantage: I'm call'd now, to morrow Morning at Prayer time near the New-walk.

Shift. Enough. ——— *Exit.*

Betty. So, every thing is quiet, and favours my design, which I must impart to Madam Silvia for her Assistance. ———
VVell, VVoman, I say, for good Invention!

*You Men sometimes may Conquer when you Woe us;
But for a Plot! the Devil can't out do us.*

The End of the fourth ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E the Street.

Enter Manly drunk, with Fiddlers.

Man. **T**His is an Emblem of the *Golden Age*, and I the *Augustus* of this little *Rome*; methinks I am very Magisterially Drunk, and a Plague o' the Sober Party, I say, 'twas never good World since Drinking provok'd Scandal, ——— Come, Sirrah, strain your Throat like an Evenuch in a Synagogue ——— I'll teach the old Rogue to deny me Money.

S O N G.

So now I've alarm'd the Family, I'll begone ———

[Musick plays and Exeunt.]

Snap appears, as out of a Window.

Well, let a Man be married never so privately — I see, these Rogues of Fiddlers will find him out, but a Pox of their Industry, I say, I wou'd have been in Possession of the 2000 *l.* first: ——— Sure that must be my Master's Companion, Mr. *Manly* ——— ay — 'tis so ——— and this the old Justice's House where we've lain all Night: ——— My old Impudence must e'en help me out ——— *[disappears.]*

Enter Snap and Jasper.

Jasp. Pray, Sir, believe that nothing but her fear for your safety cou'd make her willing to part with you so soon: VVho knows what her Uncle enrag'd may do, when by concealing it a day or two longer, we shall have an opportunity to Consult, the better to conceal your flight together.

Snap. I like it——

[apart.]

Jasp. I'll go home, and as I find matters stand, be ready to give you an Account.

Snap. Do so, Child, and I'll be as ready to reward thee.

[Ex. severally.]

Enter 3 Country-men ridiculously Arm'd.

1 *Conn.* A sad VVorld, Neighbours, a very sad VVorld we live in: Nothing but plotting, and cutting of Throats.

2 *Conn.* But pray Neighbour *Tommas* woon ye 'solye me one thing, you'n been Constable twice or thrice before; is this same Plot now a *French* Plot, or an *English* Plot; there's the Thing.

1 *Conn.* By Lady, Neighbour, yeo'n set me hard—— Let me see—— why, why;—— od I can't tell—— VVhat say you, Neighbour *Ralph*?

3 *Conn.* VVhy, look you, 'cording to th' best of my Judgment now, 'tis an *English* Plot, hatch'd in *France*.

1 *Conn.* Troth, and that's cunningly answer'd—— So it is—— therefore Neighbours be sure to keep a watchful Eye upon all suspicious Parsons——

Enter

grols dnm uoy, iiz ob t'now and, smos, smos

Enter Snap.

Ha—— who's that—— a Gentleman, my mind misgives me
deadly this is one of 'em. *1. Coun. Nay, if he be a Gentleman, Neighbours, 'tis very
suspicious——*

*Snap. Well, sure there was never Plot better manag'd than
this:—— Matters go swimmingly; I shall be a great Man—— How
I'll domineer over the poor Rogues of my Acquaintance——*

1. Coun. The Plot, Neighbour, mark that——

2. Coun. S'heart, let's Sieze him, Tamms, I say——

*1. Coun. But stay, Neighbours, stay, these Plotters bin de-
vilish Fellows—— Let's go one behind, and to'ther before,
and knock him down by the Virtue of our Office——*

[They Sieze Snap.]

Look you, Sir, we Sieze you in the Queen's Name, 'pon sus-
pition of being in a Plot.

Snap. A Plot?—— VVell, and what of that, Sir.

*3. Coun. VVhy then, Sir, yee mun be made to confess your
Complices, and all yee know o'th' matter.*

Snap. All I know?—— Heark you, Friend, are you married?

3. Coun. M'hap I am. What then?

Snap. And did you tell all you did on the Wedding Night?

3. Coun. What if I did?

*Snap. Why then, by the Opinion I conceive of your Wit,
I shant follow your Example, that's all——*

1. Coun. You are very merry upon't, Sir.

*Snap. I have very great reason, Sir, I'm a very happy Man,
Sir: Nay, I'm very Rich Man.*

1. Coun. You may be hang'd for all that, Sir.

*Snap. You lye, you Dog, he that has Money's in no danger
of hanging. I have enough to get a pardon for the Murder
of half your Corporation; nay, to bring me off, tho' I were
Arraign'd for Cuckoldom before a Court of Aldermen.*

2. Coun.

2 Coun. Come, come, this won't do, Sir, you must along with us.

Snap. Along with you—— and heark you, whether are your Politick Noddles now going to have their own way——

1 Coun. Before a Justice, upon suspicion of Treason.
Snap. Treason? A very good jest, Faith, prithee look in my Face? Have I the Countenance of a Traitor?

2 Coun. We are all Witnesses you confess it on your Oath.

Snap. The Devil you are! Then I have made a Nine-hand out indeed; here I shall be hang'd by as great a chance as I was Married; one would think some Poet Rul'd my Fate, and meant this for Dramatic Justice. Indeed, Gentlemen, here's a strange Misunderstanding between us.

1 Coun. Look you, Sir, if you have any thing to say for your self, say it before Mr. Justice.

2 Coun. Ay, ay,—— away with him—— let him speak for himself there. [They hurry him off.]

SCENE in Trapum's House.

Enter Athalia, Betty.

Betty. Well, Madam, have you resolv'd?

Athel. I know not what I shall resolve, or do: See him I must. Yet, O! I fear——

Betty. More than you need to do, my life for!—— My Master is busy on the hunt, and will scarce return till Noon: Madam Silvia too Abroad—— but I must away—— I hear the Sign—— *Exit.*

Athel. O! Love, thou penetrater in the chafest Mind, thy awful Deity claims that a Sacrifice Reason against the force

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force of pleasure, would constrain from every Power, but
thine: — Would I had lov'd the Man that Honour bids
me Love, or had not Lov'd elsewhere, than I had sat in In-
nocence secure, and nothing known but the ill will of Fate,
but O! there's such command in Love, that even my Passion,
while it stings my heart, forbids it to revolt.

*My Thoughts are mingled with delight and pain,
And what I Think, I unresolv'd again.*

[Exit.]

Enter Silvia in her own Apparel.

Are all the Family asleep, or gone Abroad? — I see none
of 'em stirring. — O! there's the Key in my Chamber
Door, may be the Maid's there. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Athelia, Freewit.

Athel. I thought, Sir, at our last parting, we shou'd have
met no more as Lovers, but as Friends, and such we still
might be, if you wou'd prize your Interest in another place.

Free. I find the last Intrigue has made her wavering, I
must be serious, or she's lost. *[apart]* — What In-
terest, Madam, I can have besides — Merits not my
Thoughts — while I have hopes of you.

Athel. Nay, then Sir, I shall suspect your sincerity indeed;
if you wou'd call my Judgment in question, so far; — you
Love, (at least you swear you Love) another; to which, or
whether false to both, I will not now dispute, but it has rais'd
a difficulty so great as ne'er can be remov'd.

Free. I'm Ignorant of the cause, or 'tis Silvia — What
Freedom Gallantry admits, perhaps I've us'd; my fancy
may,

may, but not my heart have err'd — As in a crowd of Beauties we may gaze, and pay Devotion to each Fair we see; yet, among all that has our Vows of Love, one only is the right, and that by all my hopes is you.

Athel. O! Guard me Virtue, or I still am lost; there's something in his Words bears such an Image of truth, I shall believe again. *[apart.]*

Tho' I should willingly believe you, Sir, Reason and Honour still wou'd bar your hopes, and then — you'd fly for recompence to her.

Free. Away with this suspicion, 'tis an Injury to Beauty, Honour's a Foe that labours in the Mind, and keeps the Soul in a perplex'd disguise: — Hear — let me swear each Syllable I utter, and vow eternal Constancy.

Athel. I cannot, must not, hear you more.

Free. By Heaven you shall, tho' you're cruel after.

Enter Trapum.

Trap. What have I done with this Key? — ha, — *[Sees them and starts back]* — the Devil! — my Wife again! — A Plot with a Vengeance! — Yes, yes, here's a Plot, and I damn'd one too, but I'll put an end to this Conspiracy quickly — *[Exit.]*

Athel. You swear you Love.

Free. By those good Stars, that influenc'd my heart, I do.

Athel. Then never give me this disquiet more; nor think of a Reward while Honour does oppose. If this has power to keep your hopes alive — you'll convince me on't; if not, rake this Advice from me — The Lady whom you now pursue has a vast Fortune, her Person, and her Humour agreeable: — When you've consider'd of that, I may be perswaded to — heark my Husband is return'd; if you're seen with me, you will revive his Jealousie — Pray, Sir, let me

me desire you to give me my Liberty now ——— Some other time ——— [*Exit.*]

Free. So ——— this is *Silvia's* doings ——— s'death I could find in my heart to marry her for Revenge, ay, but that's Revenging my Self, upon my Self; yet, the word Revenge is Included. But then, who do I Marry? Why no matter, madness will be most perfect when tis without Consideration: The Lady, whom you pursue, has a vast Fortune: Let me ruminate on that. ———

Enter Silvia.

Well;— This mad Fellow won't out of my head ——— I find I must Love him spite of my Teeth ———

Free. Ay, 'twill be so ——— ha ——— Ideath, who have we here? *Venus* in a Cloud ——— By Heaven, my little wanderer ——— have I fix'd, you, faith, this was some Luck however ———

Silv. Wou'd he were hang'd for me: I'm vex'd at ev'ry thing that pleases me, and pleas'd with ev'ry thing that vexes me ——— Well, this Love's a strange thing.

Free. Gad, and so it is, Child.

Silv. Bless me, Sir, you frighten'd me; pray, how came you hither? [*Starting.*]

Free. By strange means, it seems.

Silv. So, methinks ——— but, who directed you, pray.

Free. Your own self.

Silv. How, so?

Free. I followed you.

Silv. Very well.

Enter

Enter Trapum, with People Arm'd.

Trap. Ha—— more Mistry still—— No matter—— There he is, Gentlemen, Sieze him, I Command ye, in the Queen's Name.

Silv. Bless me, what's the meaning of this?

Free. Sieze me, Sir! Pray let me know my Accusation first?

Trap. Why, to be plain, Sir, here's a Plot carrying on, nearer then we imagine: And I furiously suspect you to have a hand in't; therefore, Sir, I must have personal security for your good Behaviour, for the future: I find you wou'd have drawn my Wife into the Conspiracy too.

Silv. Do you hear that, Captain.

Trap. So, that to preserve the Ancient Loyalty of my Family, (which I lye under some Apprehension of Fear, for while you, under pretence of Besieging a Neighbouring Fortification here, invade my Territories) I do most seriously, and devoutly, Sir, desire you—— only to commit your self to Marriage, that's all, Sir, that's all—— Look you, Sir, Marry, or do worse—— you'll lyeing for a Plotter etc, Neighbours, you'll all swear him into the Plot, won't ye?

All. Yes, Sir.

Trap. Look you there, Sir,—— Consider with your self.

Free. Well, Sir,—— your Humour is diverting; and, I think too, I've a mind to throw aside the Politics of Life, and rather than dye a Traitor, I'll e'en trust the Priests Execution, before the Hangman's—— What say you, Child, don't you fear to be Executed too?

Silv. Why, I hope, Sir, you won't draw me into the Plot, will you? I must Confess I begin to tremble at it.

Free. Then hear thy doom—— know that before thou'st broke thy Fast. I'll—— I'll—— a plague o'ther word, it won't out—— I'll Marry thee.

Silv.

Silv. Fancy, Fancy, meer Fancy, Captain—— I dreamt last Night you presented me with the Picture on't, and this Morning I find my Dream's out.

Free. And this Morning I Dreamt that you and I were in Bed together last Night;—— and before to-morrow Morning my Dream will be out. There's a Riddle for your Riddle.

Silv. I'll swear you have a great deal of Confidence.

Free. Ay, see what it is, Child, we're so near being one Flesh, I begin to Sympathise of the familiarity already.

Silv. Why,--- will you offer, Captain, to lose the Reputation of being the prettiest, wittiest, wildest, and most Libertine-like young Fellow in the whole Country? To have the Women say, he was a pretty Gentleman before he Married, but hang him, now he minds nothing but his Wife; then the Men, the dear Partners of your Evening Society, cry, burn him, he was an honest fellow once, and wou'd drink like a Fish; but this Marriage has quite spoil'd him. Won't this be a great Terror to you, Sir?

Free. Not at all; at least I shall have this Consolation that you share in my Sufferings.

Trap. Come, come, Madam, give me leave to say I know your Mind: I over-heard more than you're aware on—— therefore give me leave to give your hand, or all shall out, Gadzooks it shall, [takes her Hand.]

Silv. Hold, Sir, let me consider of it a little.

Trap. Consider; why, consider he's a handsome young Fellow, has an Estate, and Loves you; what occasion is there to consider farther?

Silv. But till to Morrow, Sir, one day can break no squares.

Trap. Why, to-morrow's as good as to-day, and to-day's as good as to-morrow: and Egad, and I were the Gentleman, I'd not give you an hour longer.

Enter Athelia.

Free. Not above half the time, I assure you, Sir, I'll teach you to be putting Tricks on me, I will so.

Athel. Consider, Child, you can never have such an opportunity.

Silv. Then Captain, you have really a mind to throw yourself away upon me?

Free. So I stand resolv'd, for I have been considering we shou'd always have been putting tricks upon each other, so wee'd e'en as good Marry, and Plague one another that way.

Silv. Well, Sir, since your discretion approves the Choice, I yield you shall give my hand: But if I do otherwise than well, I'll vow you shall answer for't.

Trap. With all my heart, Madam. — There's no danger, I have a Daughter of my own, and wou'd not wish to bestow her better. — Here, Sir, take her, and be as happy as I can wish you. — Now, does this bring my Dream fresh in my Memory. I dream't last Night that I had given my Daughter away in Marriage, and did not know it.

Silv. Say you so, Sir. Why then your Pardon, and Blessing, and your Dreams out. [Kneels.]

Free. Hy day! What prank now?

Trap. My Blessing! What mean you, Madam?

Silv. I'm that very same Daughter of yours, Sir, no more *Silvia*, now, but *Arabella*.

Trap. Ha, —

Free. His Daughter!

Trap. Why, Sir, I hope you are not disturb'd to find he's my Daughter? I have [Angryly.]

Free. No, Sir, on the contrary, my satisfaction is as great, as my surprize to find it.

Trap.

Trap. Gad, and so is mine? [apart.]

I understand he is Sir Charles Freewit's Son.

Silv. That will inform you more, Sir. [gives Trap a Letter]

Trap. Ha—— My Sister's Hand—— prethee Read it, my Dear, I want my Spectacles. [gives it Athel.]

Athel. [Reads.] I doubt not but you will be Surpriz'd to find your Daughter come down so long before you expected her: As to the Match you send word you have provided for her, if it stands with her good liking, I shall not give a Groat from her, if not, I shall dispose otherwise of what I have; for I think the Care and Charge I have had of her from her Childhood, will allow me a share in the Power of disposing of her: Therefore, not being able to take such a Journey my self, and fearing to trust your Rashness withal, thinking 12 Tears absence had worn her out from your Memory; I contriv'd to send her down with the Recommendation of a Friend, that she might first have an opportunity of seeing the Merit of the Person, and time to acquaint me ——

Trap. Gad so 'tis enough—— My Sister's a wise VVoman, and I'm a happy Man—— Bless thee, my dear Bell, thou Joys my Heart to see thee—— Bless you both—— and now, Sir, be free, and let me know the best and worst of your Affairs, that I may be the better able to judge of a Supply?

Free. VVhy, faith, Sir, encourag'd by this Generous Usage, I shall deal plainly i'the Matter—— My Father, Sir Charles Freewit, dying about some four Years since——

Trap. Left you an Estate Incumber'd, I know it—— Sir Charles was my intimate Friend; a worthy Gentleman, and I am proud a Son of his should call me Father, and I'll be thy Father—— I'll pay thy Debts, and put a thousand Pound in thy Pocket, and when I dye I shall carry nothing with me, Sir.

Free. This Generous Usage is above Thanks; but I shall study to deserve it.

Trap.

Trap. Study me no studies, use my Daughter well, and 'tis desert enough.

Athel. I hope, my dear, among all these things, you'll forgive my knowledge of this Affair.

Trap. Forgive thee! Why, I was never better pleas'd in my Life, and am now resolv'd to perplex my self no more—— I'm satisfied of thy Virtue, and will no longer suspect it; do what thou woo't, go where thou woo't, and converse with whom thou woo't, thy Liberties thy own.

Athel. This Generous Usage, is the greatest Confinement you cou'd lay upon me.

Enter Manly.

Trap. Cousin *Manly* thou'rt wellcome, the 40^l. I deny'd thee Yesterday, thou sha't have to day.——

Enter Shift, Snap, led in by Constable and others.

Jasper, in his own Cloaths.

How now, Neighbours, who have you there?

i Conn. Two suspicious Persons, an't like your Worship, for being i'th' Ploot.

Trap. O! good Friends, you may leave your Prisoners and go home, I have discovered the very bottom of the Plot, and punish'd the Offenders.——

Conn. Bless your Worship——

[*Exeunt Conn.*]

Trap. This Gentleman, I presume, Sir, is an Acquaintance of yours.

pointing to Snap.

Free. A Servant, Sir,—— *Snap,* your Duty here—— get your pardon seal'd in time.

Snap to Silvia.] This is a time, Madam, when all Quarrels cease, I hope you'll forgive me.

Silv. What, you are the Gentleman that was for promoting my Interest to day?

Snap. My Zeal to oblige my Master, Madam.

Silv.

Silv. VVell, Sir, provided you are not so zealous in your past Services, for the future you and I are Friends, and provided too, you will forgive my Boy here, for helping you to a VVife.

Snap. A VVife!

Silv. Mrs. Bride, you may come forth.

Enter Betty.

All. VVho, Betty.

Athel. How came this to pass?

Betty. Honest *Jasper* there, and I contriv'd it, Madam.

Snap. Did you so? [pause] — Then you and I are Married, Child? — ha —

Betty. Yes.

Snap. VVhy, faith, I have very little to say i'the matter, weer'e two very happy People, that's all I know.

Free. I give you much Joy with your great Fortune, Sir.

Man. Much Joy to you, Mr. *Snap*.

Snap. I thank you, Sir, I have as much, I think, as a Man can reasonably expect, that finds himself Cheated.

Betty. This was the reason, Madam, I ask'd you to be absent all Night — I began to Love him, and thought there was no other way to gain him. [to *Athel*]

Athel. Upon my Life, a most Ingenious Plot — Come, come Mr. *Snap*, let me lay my Commands upon you — Take your VVife, and forget what's past.

Free. Ay, ay, take her, Sirrah, and use her well too, or I'll swinge you off for assuming my Name and Person. — You *Shift*, I'll provide for.

Snap. VVell, Child, since *Free* has shuffled us together, I don't know how, I see no Remedy but Patience — But to make our Lives as happy as we can? VVe'll contrive to live like two Swans in a remote River, who, while one has the Head down to feed, the other is still upon the watch —

This

This Regard, little Society, and much Consideration, may make it tollerable.

Man. Why, the Rogue talks like a staid Husband already.

Snap. I don't know what I talk like, but I'm sure I have the indifference of one already.

Musick Plays.

Trap. Ha! — What are these?

Serv. Some Musick, Sir, hearing of *Betty's* VWedding, are come to present you with their Holy-day sports.

Trap. O! bring 'em in by all means.

Song and Dance.

Trap. So, so, very well: Now go and get your selves Married, and after Dinner too't again. — This day you're all my Guests. —

Man. VVell, tho' it be so much the fashion to rail at Marriage, yet all (I find) or most of all, by some means or other, are brought too't, while few or none are so prudent to consider the main end of it —

Free. Right, *Manly*, for if the VVoman we Love be handsome, or a Fortune, neither will secure her Honour, nor a Man's Happiness.

*Beauty or Interest serve for vain Applause,
But Virtue, Charming Virtue, is the happiest Cause.*

F I N I S.

